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Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

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MARCH 1919

Poetry	Muriel Stuart
	F. V. Branford
	Andrew Gibson
	Albert Buhrer
	L. B. Lippmann
"Savonarola" Brown	Max Beerbohm
Classic American Literature (v)	D. H. Lawrence
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The Physique of the Nation	Capt. E. Brown, R.A.M.C.
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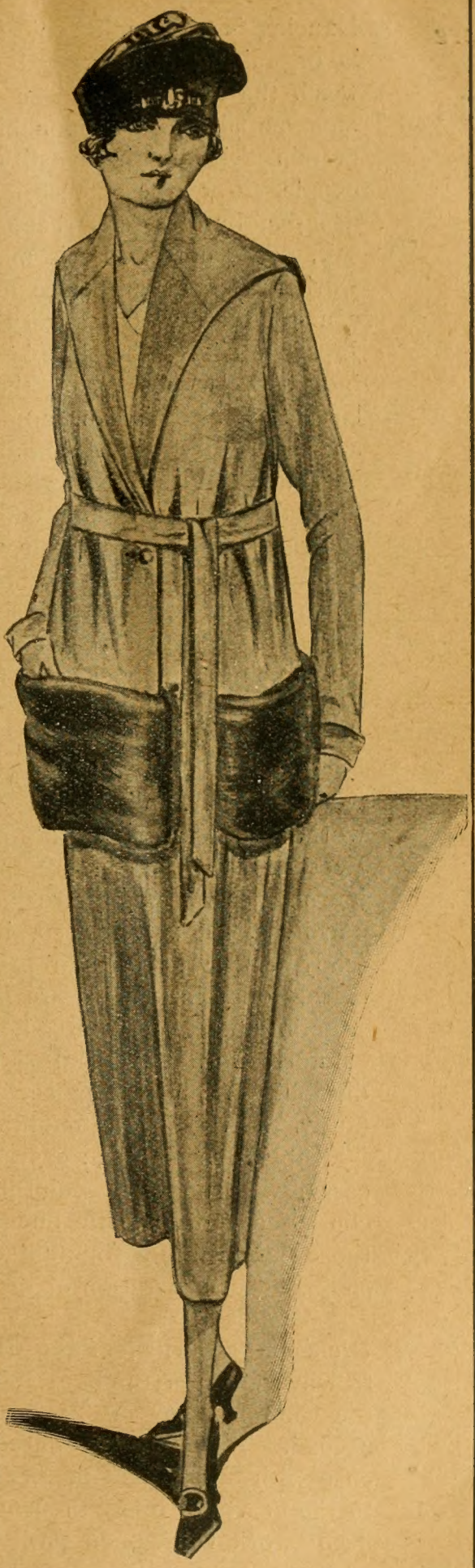

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Advertisement Supplement

Picture Tea Frocks

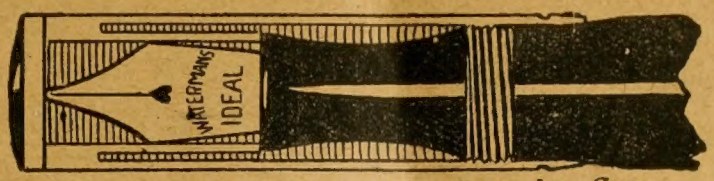
¶ Dancing is a splendid tonic for war-nerves, and everyone who can is organising dances, and numerous classes are being held to teach the new steps. The *Thé Dansant* has become one of the most popular and fashionable forms of amusement, as there is a certain friendly informality about it which appeals to most people. For these occasions the prettiest frocks have been designed by Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W., adapted from Paris models, and made by their own skilled workers. They are quite moderate in price. For instance, one can get for 69*s.* 6*d.* a very picturesque tea-frock in chiffon over Japanese silk. The skirt is pleated and draped and caught at the foot with crossed tucks, the bodice being carefully draped with large tucks. This can be had in black, white, and all soft shades, and is a very graceful and becoming gown. There are many charming styles at 4 guineas. One, in printed ninon, has a floral design, over plain chiffon in another colour, making a pretty contrast. This has a plain chiffon sash to match the underskirt, knotted at the side, and a bordering of fancy galon gives a pretty finish to the corsage and skirt-hem, and can be had in various colours. These attractive tea frocks are useful for many occasions, being equally suitable for the *Thé Dansant,* or the restaurant dinner, and the informal dance.

The Pen's Long Trail

¶ For most of us the old doggerel is true, or nearly so, and all the world is paper, and all the seas are ink, for we know our wonderful world from the written and printed word rather than from travel. Reading and Writing are the great explorers, and our pens are journeymen of long journeys over acres of the paper surface of our lives. This being so, it is plain that the pen should be a ready, easy, and familiar part of ourselves, and since the advent of the fountain pen we are furnished, and the sole difficulty is in selecting the best from amongst the good. The desiderata are comfort, durability, and safety—comfort from the right point, durability from proper construction, and safety from leaks or faulty feed. These qualities are embodied in the Waterman "Ideal" fountain pen: easy to write with, easy to fill, and safe to carry, with no weak point to break at the first jar, and every contingency of pen life and pen use carefully provided for. To those purchasing a fountain pen as a gift or for personal use, we commend consideration of these excellences in making a choice.

The Army which never Demobilises

¶ Prebendary Carlile, of the Church Army, is not the sort of man to leave off effort and rest upon accomplishment, and, of course, the Church Army centres are still urgently needed at home and abroad. Those eight hundred centres have had an immense influence with our gallant men, and have kept the establishment near to the hearts of many thousands. Doubtless this great and beneficent work will go on until armies are no more, and even then



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there is little fear that hostels, training farms, and convalescent homes will close, or that the need of the day will not find the ready response. Meantime, these things are doing a great service, and are urgently needed in the great transitional period; and churchmen and all who value great work well done must see to it that funds do not fail nor falter.

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¶ Some of the smartest spring suits are very simple in style, and for this reason the more effective. There are some very smart models at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's, Vere Street and Oxford Street. There are some fine quality corded suitings in navy, black, and a few good colours, which are cut on very plain, straight lines, have large side-pockets, and the fronts cut away, revealing the latest fashion in fancy cretonne waistcoat, with turn-back revers and collar. The price of 9½ guineas for this model is reasonable in these days of high prices. One can, of course, always vary the waistcoat, or have one to match the costume. This is only one example of many other equally attractive styles of the simple order. One can always get what one wants at Marshall and Snelgrove's. There is just the right kind of shirt to wear with the new tailor-made. All these shirts are their own exclusive designs. They are exceptionally well cut from dependable materials, and entirely fill the present demand for practical and becoming shirts at a particularly moderate price. For later spring wear there is a fascinating blouse in rich quality Georgette, with a plain collar and full bib, in long straight lines in front, edged with tiny frills, made in black, white, egg-blue, pink, grey, pale biscuit, mauve, eau de Nil, and heliotrope at the moderate sum of 39*s*. 6*d*. For house wear there is nothing nicer than one of the graceful new model jumpers designed by Marshall and Snelgrove, and made by their own workers in heavy Georgette, fastening on shoulders and around neck. It is trimmed with groups of fine tuckings, finished with hand veining. It is priced at 78*s*. 6*d*., and the same model is also made in crêpe de Chine.

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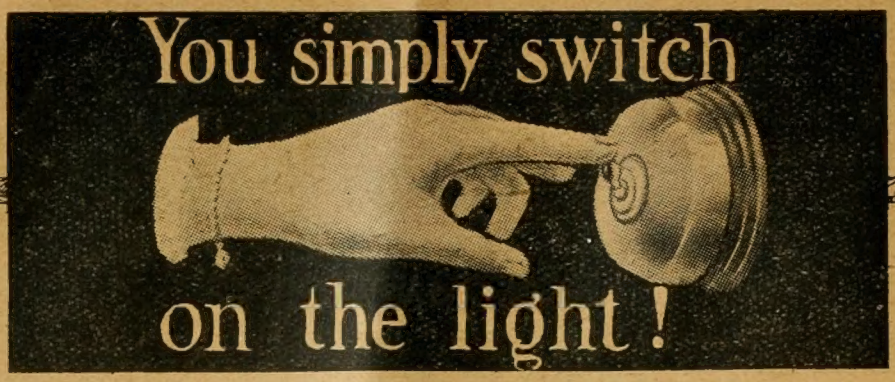

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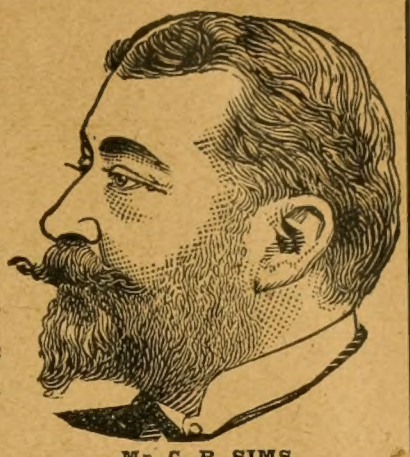

Mr. G. R. SIMS.
Photo by [*Lavis, Eastbourne*

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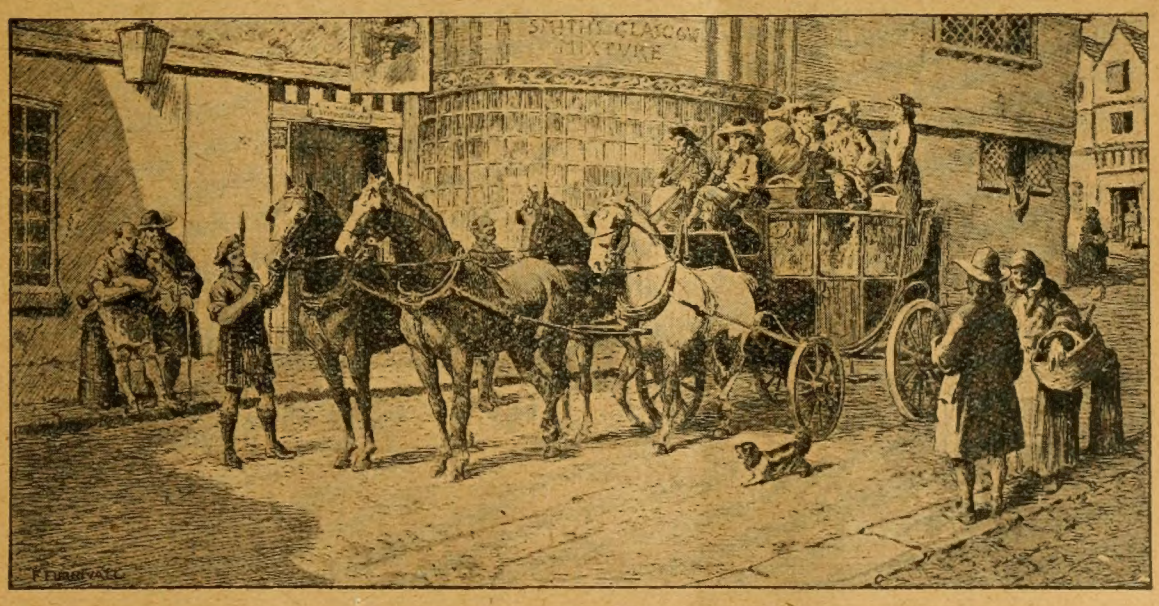

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

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GIDDY HEIGHTS

By

H. DENNIS BRADLEY

"Love's Revolt"

HAVING probably written more about clothes than any man, not excepting Carlyle, I am sick to death of the subject. But unhappily for me the public isn't.

It is unfortunate to be blessed with a vivid imagination and cursed with the vice of truthfulness. Better by far to adopt the sound, smug, commercial, Victorian maxim, "As I have made my business so must I lie on it . . . and rely on it."

The prices for "good" clothes are scandalously high, but they are unavoidable on the present market. The best cashmere lounge suits cost £16 16s., and could be produced for £8 8s. before this expensive war. And with the cost of materials and production the net profit is lower than in 1914. But high as this price is' it is infinitely lower in comparison to all other necessities.

Let us compare. Suppose one tires of dining "Up West" at an average cost of £3 odd for two, and decides on the simplest possible meal at one's flat. An omelette, a little chicken and bacon, and, in a repentant mode of economy, no wine, but good British beer . . . the backbone of the nation . . . etc., etc., plus tosh, etc.

With considerable difficulty, much abuse, and after being treated like a refugee by the dirty little grocer, as a great favour one might possibly obtain: Some pickled and explosive eggs at about 5d. each, an elderly chicken at 12s. 6d., some briny bacon at 2s. 4d., and some ghastly swipes (optimistically called beer) at 10d. a bottle. All the purveyors are making colossally vulgar dividends. Not only are their prices giddily ungodly, but they are horribly uncivil in selling their goods.

* * * * * *

Such an atmosphere does not exist in the House of Pope and Bradley. If the prices are so high that only the exclusive few can pay them, then at least the few will find a refreshing and almost mediæval courtesy and dignity and the best materials that can be procured. Bond Street has a tradition which it will maintain, despite the unpleasant fact that the West End is becoming so primitive that it will soon be known as the "Wild West."

The following minimum charges are still within the border line of reason. Tweed Lounge Suits from £8 18s. 6d. Dinner Suits from £12 12s. Overcoats from £10 10s.

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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

MARCH, 1919

The New Magdalens

By Muriel Stuart

TO THE WOMEN OF BELGIUM AND OF NORTHERN FRANCE.

We shall be hidden, hushed, put out of sight,
Dowered of the dark, and outcast of the sun,
As dimmed discoloured flowers that men have thrown
In Saturnalia, or as waters bright,
By giant herds befouled beneath the moon.
Through the dim lanes at twilight we shall slink
From house-fire and closed shutter where men keep
Tryst, or toss children laughing, eat and drink,
Where women gather flowers, and sing and sleep.
For dribbling Fear sits by us day and night,
And in our dreams our ruined bodies heave
In the grip of Lust, and still we crouch and hear
Each night the hoarse steps pause, each night we live
To hear Hell breathe behind the splintering door
Till the light gape upon us, and once more
The hands of horror stiffen in our hair.

We have looked longer in the eyes of fear,
We have endured more dreadfully than you all
Who saw men marching . . . and then no men were there,
Only a thunder bellowing round the wall;

Heard the high sound of swords, went swiftly o'er
The edge of battle, heaped most splendidly
Against the sun: the worst is not to die.
Dead you are crowned, and living you are clean;
Of life, of death, need men importune more?
But what has hate begotten on our shame—
We who hold Hell too close for shuddering,
Who dreamed of children once . . . what dreadful thing
Conceived in terror sucks and sleeps unseen,
Bold in our loathing blood, and has no name?

Men shall redeem, refashion and restore,
Re-purple Arras, quicken the heart of Rheims;
But who shall raise these ruined breasts once more
Or make sleep sweet again with slow, sane dreams,
Or bring those things belonging to our peace?
Never till star and sun, till rime and rain
Fail or forget, till night and morning cease,
Till Earth forget her ancient trick of flowers
Shall we behold again what beauty is.
Spring comes . . . but one Spring will not come again,
Love will be sweet . . . but it will not be ours.
Though Peace lie fondled in the hearts of men,
And Pomp with purple hide the maimed and marred,
Cozen the blind with gold, what crown is there
For our unstained corruption—we who bear
These brows unlaurelled, and these breasts unstarred?

Yours the loud triumph of return, the kiss
From Fame's heroic mouth, or yours the dust
Inviolate, reposed in treasuries
Known but of God; what lot have we therein
Whose tears have stained the merciless hands of sin,
Above whose hair thundered the feet of Lust?

Ode to the Poets

By F. V. Branford

This is the world you made
Out of the songs you sang;
And the songs unsung
Like swords are flung
Down where dead men hang.

* * * * *

Be gluttons of this ripe red star,
Of her rich mouth be your mouths amorous,
Her breath be on your blood,
As sunrise on a bud.

Be pirates, and make war
On boats that bear the golden bar;
Be misers,—mild and mean
In the Reaper's prints, to glean
Glittering straw, servile and sedulous;

But be king-like—cold and taut—
Beneath a facile skin,
Be as gods in your deep thought,
A bended bow within.

Let pagans plant their spirit in the forms
And figure of the earth—poor temporal faith
That dares not look into the eye of Death,
Because its God is vulnerable to worms,
And ill in face of cannon shot!

They may not sing upon the battlefield,
Whose "All" is sensitive to rust and rot.
Their rosy strings of eld,
Forgetful of the songs they held,
But tuneless lies and horrid discords yield.

Who hath had commerce in grave, peaceful hours
With sacred, awful, elemental powers,
Who undismayed, while yet the kind dawn shone,
Looked through the scroll of flesh, and read thereon
How in each man there walks his skeleton—

He, in the crashing circumstance of doom,
  Under the splitten skies,
  When the iron devil flies
Through white vestures flaming from the loom
Of Nature, weaving even in the tomb
  Beauty for the hour she dies;

  He, in his steadfast soul, shall rise
  Above the treason of his eyes
  To know in every bleeding clod
  Of broken clay, the living God.
  And to be himself shall trust
  Immortal as that deathless dust.

False Roses

By Andrew Gibson

I TOUCHED the roses at her breast,
  "They are not real," she said,
"They're only made of rag at best,
  Though they be sweet and red."

"What do I care for that?" said I,
  "What in this world is true?
For what God makes, Himself, must die,
  And all that we make, too."

Our dearest thoughts have waned and fled,
  And shrivelled at our touch;
We saw that they were sweet and red,
  And we have asked too much.

Sonnet

By Albert Buhrer

If thy sweet mind be prompted to explore
  My ways of love, my record and degree,
  Only through radiant eyes envisage me
And find me virtues past my meagre store:
Take thou the gold, the plenteous dross ignore,
Love me wherein I most resembled thee,
  For, since our souls can never disagree,
I must love on, as now, for evermore:—

And with this thought, my poverty regaled,
Mount slowly up the craggy steep of time,
  Seeing thy beauty in the sun's gold prime,
Thy spirit in spring's hierarchy unveiled,
  And haunt the solemn stars till some sublime
Assent give me success where once I failed.

Fire-Step

By Leonard Blackledge Lippmann

He stood upon the fire-step and he swore
Great filthy oaths,—the star shells made mad play
Over the lines—three hours yet till the day
And his relief; three bloody hours more.
He cursed creation. Through the murk he saw
A wide-sprawled thing that lay across the wire
And envied it. He'd like to see the liar
Who wrote those bits about the "pride of war."

A gramophone wheezed out its crazy tune
And he relaxed, and stretched himself, and sighed,—
Things might be worse: those little misty curls
Might have been gas. He yawned up at the moon
And never saw the rifle flash—and died
Thinking of beer and beanos and of girls.

"Savonarola" Brown

By Max Beerbohm

I LIKE to remember that I was the first to call him so, for, though he always deprecated the nickname, in his heart he was pleased by it, I know, and encouraged to go on.

Quite apart from its significance, he had reason to welcome it. He had been unfortunate at the font. His parents, at the time of his birth, lived in Ladbroke Crescent, W. They must have been an extraordinarily unimaginative couple, for they could think of no better name for their child than Ladbroke. This was all very well for him till he went to school. But you can fancy the indignation and delight of us boys at finding among us a newcomer who, on his own confession, had been named after a Crescent. I don't know how it is nowadays, but thirty years ago, certainly, schoolboys regarded the possession of *any* Christian name as rather unmanly. As we all had these encumbrances, we had to wreak our scorn on any one who was cumbered in a queer fashion. I myself, bearer of a Christian name adjudged eccentric though brief, had had much to put up with in my first term. Master Brown's arrival, therefore, at the beginning of my second term, was a good thing for me, and I am afraid I was very prominent among his persecutors. Trafalgar Brown, Tottenham Court Brown, Bond Brown—what names did we little brutes not cull for him from the London Directory? Except how miserable we made his life, I don't remember much about him as he was at that time, and the only important part of the little else that I do recall is that already he showed a strong sense for literature. For the majority of us Carthusians, literature was bounded on the north by Whyte Melville, on the south by Hawley Smart, on the east by the former, and on the west by the latter. Little Brown used to read Harrison Ainsworth, Wilkie Collins, and other writers whom we, had we assayed them, would have dismissed as "deep." It has

been said by Mr. Arthur Symons that "all art is a mode of escape." The art of letters did not, however, enable Brown to escape so far from us as he would have wished. In my third term he did not reappear among us. His parents had in some sort atoned. Unimaginative though they were, it seems they could understand a tale of woe laid before them circumstantially, and had engaged a private tutor for their boy. Fifteen years elapsed before I saw him again.

This was at the second night of some play. I was dramatic critic for *The Saturday Review*, and, weary of meeting the same lot of people over and over again at first nights, had recently sent a circular letter to the managers asking that I might have seats for second nights instead. I found that there existed as distinct and invariable a lot of second-nighters as of first-nighters. The second-nighters were less "showy"; but then, they came rather to see than to be seen, and there was an air, that I liked, of earnestness and hopefulness about them. I used to write a great deal about the future of the British drama, and *they* used to think and talk a great deal about it. People who care about books and pictures find much to interest and please them in the present. It is only the students of the theatre who always fall back, or rather forward, on the future. Though second-nighters do come to see, they remain rather to hope and pray. I should have known anywhere, by the visionary look in his eyes, that Brown was a confirmed second-nighter.

What surprises me is that I knew he was Brown. It is true that he had not grown much in those fifteen years; his brow was still disproportionate to his body, and he looked young to have become "confirmed" in anything. But it is also true that not once in the past ten years, at any rate, had he flitted through my mind and poised on my conscience.

I hope that I and those other boys had long ago ceased from reappearing to him in nightmares. Cordial though the hand was that I offered him, and highly-civilised my whole demeanour, he seemed afraid that at any moment I might begin to dance around him, shooting out my lips at him and calling him Half-Moon Brown or something of that kind. It was only after constant meetings at second nights, and innumerable entr'acte talks about the future of the drama, that he began to trust me. In course of time we formed the habit of walking home together as far as Great Cumberland Place,

at which point our ways diverged. I gathered that he was still living with his parents, but he did not tell me where, for they had not, as I saw by reference to the Red Book, moved from Ladbroke Crescent.

I found his company restful rather than inspiring. His days were spent in clerkship at one of the smaller Government Offices, his evenings—except when there was a second night—in reading and writing. He did not seem to know much, or to wish to know more, about life. Books and plays, first editions and second nights, were what he cared for. On matters of religion and ethics he was as little keen as he seemed to be on human character in the raw; so that (though I had already suspected him of writing, or meaning to write, a play) my eyebrows did rise when he told me he meant to write a play about Savonarola.

He made me understand, however, that it was rather the name than the man that had first attracted him. He said that the name was in itself a great incentive to blank-verse. He uttered it to me slowly, in a voice so much deeper than his usual voice, that I nearly laughed. For the actual bearer of the name he had no hero-worship, and said it was by a mere accident that he had chosen him as central figure. He had thought of writing a tragedy about Sardanapalus; but the volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in which he was going to look up the main facts about Sardanapalus happened to open at Savonarola. Hence a sudden and complete "peripety" in the student's mind. He told me he had read the *Encyclopædia's* article carefully, and had dipped into one or two of the books there mentioned as authorities. He seemed almost to wish he hadn't. "Facts get in one's way so," he complained. "History is one thing, drama is another. Aristotle said drama was more philosophic than history because it showed us what men *would* do, not just what they *did*. I think that's so true, don't you? I want to show what Savonarola *would* have done if"— He paused.

"If what?"

"Well, that's just the point. I haven't settled that yet. When I've thought of a plot, I shall go straight ahead."

I said I supposed he intended his tragedy rather for the study than for the stage. This seemed to hurt him. I told him that what I meant was that managers always shied at anything without "a strong feminine interest." This seemed

to worry him. I advised him not to think about managers. He promised he would think only about Savonarola.

I know now that this promise was not exactly kept by him; and he may have felt slightly awkward when, some weeks later, he told me he had begun the play. "I've hit on an initial idea," he said, "and that's enough to start with. I gave up my notion of inventing a plot in advance. I thought it would be a mistake. I don't want puppets on wires. I want Savonarola to work out his destiny in his own way. Now that I have the initial idea, what I've got to do is to make Savonarola *live*. I hope I shall be able to do this. Once he's alive, I shan't interfere with him. I shall just watch him. Won't it be interesting? He isn't alive yet. But there's plenty of time. You see, he doesn't come on at the rise of the curtain. A Friar and a Sacristan come on and talk about him. By the time they've finished, perhaps he'll be alive. But they won't have finished yet. Not that they're going to say very much. But I write slowly. I do so believe in 'labour of the file,' don't you?"

I remember the mild thrill I had when, one evening, he took me aside and said in an undertone, "Savonarola has come on. Alive!" For me the MS. hereinafter printed has an interest that for you it cannot have, so a-bristle am I with the memories of the meetings I had with its author throughout the nine years he took over it. He never saw me without reporting progress, or lack of progress. Just what was going on, or standing still, he did not divulge. After the entry of Savonarola, he never told me what characters were appearing. "All sorts of people appear," he would say, rather helplessly. "They insist. I can't prevent them." I used to say it must be great fun to be a creative artist; but at this he always shook his head: "I don't create. *They* do. Savonarola especially, of course. I just look on and record. I never know what's going to happen next." He had the advantage of me in knowing at any rate what had happened last. But whenever I pled for a glimpse he would again shake his head: "The thing *must* be judged as a whole. Wait till I've come to the end of the Fifth Act."

So impatient did I become that, as the years went by, I used rather to resent his presence at second nights. I felt he ought to be always at his desk. His, I used to tell him, was the only drama whose future ought to concern him now

And in point of fact he had, I think, lost the true spirit of the second-nighter, and came rather to be seen than to see. He liked the knowledge that here and there in the auditorium, when he entered it, some one would be saying "Who is that?" and receiving the answer, "Oh, don't you know? That's 'Savonarola' Brown." This sort of thing, however, did not make him cease to be the modest, unaffected fellow I had known. He always listened to the advice I used to offer him, though inwardly he must have chafed at it. Myself a fidgety and uninspired person, unable to begin a piece of writing before I know just how it shall end, I had always been afraid that sooner or later Brown would take some turning that led nowhither—would lose himself and come to grief. This fear crept into my gladness when, one evening in the Spring of 1909, he told me he had finished the Fourth Act. Would he win out safely through the Fifth? He himself was looking rather glum; and, as we walked away from the theatre, I said to him, "I suppose you feel rather like Thackeray when he'd 'killed the Colonel': you've got to kill the Monk."

"Not quite that," he answered. "But of course he'll die very soon now. A couple of years or so. And it does seem rather sad. It's not merely that he's so full of life. He's been becoming much more *human* lately. At first I only respected him. Now I have a real affection for him."

This was an interesting glimpse at last, but I turned from it to my besetting fear. "Haven't you," I asked, "any notion of *how* he is to die?" Brown shook his head. "But in a tragedy," I insisted, "the catastrophe *must* be led up to, step by step. The end of the hero *must* be logical and rational."

"I don't see that," he said, as we crossed Piccadilly Circus. "In actual life it isn't so. What is there to prevent a motor-omnibus from knocking me over and killing me at this moment?"

At that moment, by what has always seemed to me the strangest of coincidences, and just the sort of thing that playwrights ought to avoid, a motor-omnibus knocked Brown over and killed him.

He had, as I afterwards learned, made a will in which he appointed me his literary executor. Thus passed into my hands the unfinished play by whose name he had become known to so many people.

I hate to say that I was disappointed in it, but I had better confess quite frankly that, on the whole, I was. Had Brown written it quickly and read it to me soon after our first talk about it, it might in some ways have exceeded my hopes. But he had become for me, by reason of that quiet and unhastening devotion to his work while the years came and went, a sort of hero; and the very mystery involving just what he was about had addicted me to those ideas of magnificence which the unknown is said always to foster.

Even so, however, I am not blind to the great merits of the play as it stands. It is well that the writer of poetic drama should be a dramatist and a poet. Here is a play that abounds in striking situations, and I have searched it vainly for one line that does not scan. What I nowhere feel is that I have not elsewhere been thrilled or lulled by the same kir of thing. I don't go so far as to say that Brown inherited his parents' deplorable lack of imagination. But I do wish he had been less sensitive than he was to impressions, or else had seen and read fewer poetic dramas ancient and modern. Remembering that visionary look in his eyes, remembering that he was as displeased as I by the work of all living playwrights, and as dissatisfied with the great efforts of the Elizabethans, I wonder that he was not more immune from influences.

Also, I cannot but wish still that he had faltered in his decision to make no scenario. There is much to be said for the theory that a dramatist should first vitalise his characters and then leave them unfettered; but I do feel that Brown's took advantage of the confidence he reposed in them. The labour of so many years has somewhat the air of being a mere improvisation. Savonarola himself, after the First Act or so, strikes me as utterly inconsistent. It may be that he is just complex, like Hamlet. He does in the Fourth Act show traces of the Prince of Denmark. I suppose that is why he struck Brown as having become "more human." To me he seems merely a poorer creature.

But enough of these reservations. In my anxiety for poor Brown's sake that you should not be disappointed, perhaps I have been carrying tactfulness too far and prejudicing you against that for which I specially want your favour. Here, without more ado, is

SAVONAROLA.

A Tragedy.

By L. Brown.

ACT I.

Scene: *A Room in the Monastery of San Marco, Florence.*

Enter the Sacristan *and a* Friar.

Sacr. Savonarola looks more grim to-day
Than ever. Should I speak my mind, I'd say
That he was fashioning some new great scourge
To flay the backs of men.
Fri. 'Tis even so.
Brother Filippo saw him stand last night
In solitary vigil till the dawn
Leapt o'er the Arno, and his face was such
As men may wear in Purgatory—nay,
Even in the inmost core of Hell's own fires.
Sacr. I often wonder if some woman's face,
Seen at some rout in his old worldling days,
Haunts him e'en here, e'en here, and urges him
To further fury 'gainst the Florentines.
Fri. Savonarola love-sick! Ha, ha, ha!
Love-sick? He, love-sick? 'Tis a goodly jest!
The confirm'd misogyn a ladies' man!
Thou must have eaten of some strange red herb
That takes the reason captive. I will swear
Savonarola never yet hath seen
A woman but he spurn'd her. Hist! He comes.

[*Enter* Savonarola, *rapt in thought.*]

Give thee good morrow, Brother.
Sacr. And therewith
A multitude of morrows equal-good
Till thou, by Heaven's grace, hast wrought the work
Nearest thine heart.
Sav. I thank thee, Brother, yet
I thank thee not, for that my thankfulness
(An such there be) gives thanks to Heaven alone.
Fri. [*to* Sacr.]. 'Tis a right answer he hath given thee.
Had Savonarola spoken less than thus,
Methinks me, the less Sav'narola he.
As when the snow lies on yon Apennines,
White as the hem of Mary Mother's robe,
And insusceptible to the sun's rays,
Being harder to the touch than temper'd steel,
E'en so this great gaunt monk white-visagèd
Upstands to Heaven and to Heav'n devotes
The scarped thoughts that crown the upper slopes
Of his abrupt and austere nature.
Sacr. Aye.

[*Enter* Lucrezia Borgia, St. Francis of Assisi, *and* Leonardo da Vinci. Luc. *is thickly veiled.*]

ST. FRAN. This is the place.
LUC. *pointing at* SAV. And this the man! [*Aside.*] And I—
By the hot blood that courses i' my veins
I swear it ineluctably—the woman!
SAV. Who is this wanton?

[LUC. *throws back her hood, revealing her face.*
SAV. *starts back, gazing at her.*]

ST. FRAN. Hush, Sir! 'Tis my little sister
The poisoner, right well-belov'd by all
Whom she as yet hath spared. Hither she came
Mounted upon another little sister of mine—
A mare, caparison'd in goodly wise.
She—I refer now to Lucrezia—
Desireth to have word of thee anent
Some matter that befrets her.
SAV. *to* LUC. Hence! Begone!
Savonarola will not tempted be
By face of woman e'en tho' 't be, tho' 'tis,
Surpassing fair. All hope abandon therefore.
I charge thee: Vade retro, Satanas.
LEONARDO. Sirrah, thou speakest in haste, as is the way
Of monkish men. The beauty of Lucrezia
Commends, not discommends, her to the eyes
Of keener thinkers than I take thee for.
I am an artist and an engineer,
Giv'n o'er to subtile dreams of what shall be
On this our planet. I foresee a day
When men shall skim the earth i' certain chairs
Not drawn by horses but sped on by oil
Or other matter, and shall thread the sky
Birdlike.
LUC. It may be as thou sayest, friend,
Or may be not. [*To* SAV.] But touching this our errand,
I crave of thee, Sir Monk, an audience
Instanter.

FRI. Lo! Here Alighieri comes.
I had methought me he was still at Lucca.

[*Enter* DANTE.]

ST. FRAN. *to* DAN. How fares my little sister Beatrice?
DAN. She died, alack, last sennight.
ST. FRAN. Did she so?
If the condolences of men avail
Thee aught, take mine.
DAN. They are of no avail.
SAV. [*to* LUC.]. I do refuse thee audience.
LUC. Then why
Didst thou not say so promptly when I ask'd it?
SAV. Full well thou knowest that I was interrupted
By Alighieri's entry.

[*Noise without. Enter Guelfs and Ghibellines fighting.*]

What is this?
LUC. I did not think that in this cloister'd spot
There would be so much doing. I had look'd
To find Savonarola all alone
And tempt him in his uneventful cell.

Instead o' which—Spurn'd am I? I am I.
There was a time, Sir, look to 't! O damnation!
What is 't? Anon then! These my toys, my gauds,
That in the cradle—aye, 't my mother's breast—
I puled and lisped at—'Tis impossible,
Tho', faith, 'tis not so, forasmuch as 'tis.
And I a daughter of the Borgias!—
Or so they told me. Liars! Flatterers!
Currying lick-spoons! Where's the Hell of 't then?
'Tis time that I were going. Farewell, Monk,
But I'll avenge me ere the sun has sunk.

[*Exeunt* LUC., ST. FRAN., *and* LEONARDO, *followed by* DAN. SAV., *having watched* LUC. *out of sight, sinks to his knees, sobbing.* FRI. *and* SACR. *watch him in amazement. Guelfs and Ghibellines continue fighting as the Curtain falls.*]

ACT II.

Afternoon of same day.

SCENE: LUCREZIA'S *Laboratory. Retorts, test-tubes, etc. On small Renaissance table, up* C., *is a great poison bowl, the contents of which are being stirred by the* FIRST APPRENTICE. *The* SECOND APPRENTICE *stands by, watching him.*

SECOND APP. For whom is the brew destin'd?
FIRST APP. I know not.
Lady Lucrezia did but lay on me
Injunctions as regards the making of 't,
The which I have obey'd. It is compounded
Of a malignant and a deadly weed
Found not save in the Gulf of Spezia;
And one small phial of 't, I am advis'd,
Were more than 'nough to slay a regiment
Of Messer Malatesta's condottieri
In all their armour.
SECOND APP. I can well believe it.
Mark how the purple bubbles froth upon
The evil surface of its nether slime!

[*Enter* LUC.]

LUC. [*to* FIRST APP.] Is't done, Sir Sluggard?
FIRST APP. Madam, to a turn.
LUC. Had it not been so, I with mine own hand
Would have outpour'd it down thy gullet, knave.
See, here's a ring of cunningly-wrought gold
That I, on a dark night, did purchase from
A goldsmith on the Ponte Vecchio.
Small was his shop, and hoar of visage he.
I did bemark that from the ceiling's beams
Spiders had spun their webs for many a year,
The which hung erst like swathes of gossamer
Seen in the shadows of a fairy glade,
But now most woefully were weighted o'er
With gather'd dust. Look well now at the ring!
Touch'd here, behold, it opes a cavity
Capacious of three drops of yon fell stuff.

Dost heed? Whoso then puts it on his finger
Dies, and his soul is from his body rapt
To Hell or Heaven as the case may be.
Take thou this toy and pour the three drops in.

[*Hands ring to* FIRST APP. *and comes down* C.]

So, Sav'narola, thou shalt learn that I
Utter no threats but I do make them good.
Ere this day's sun hath wester'd from the view
Thou art to preach from out the Loggia
Dei Lanzi to the cits in the Piazza.
I, thy Lucrezia, will be upon the steps
To offer thee with phrases seeming-fair
That which shall seal thine eloquence for ever.
O mighty lips that held the world in spell
But would not meet these little lips of mine
In the sweet way that lovers use—O thin,
Cold, tight-drawn, bloodless lips, which natheless I
Deem of all lips the most desirable
In this our city—

[*Enter the* BORGIAS' FOOL.]

Well, Fool, what's thy latest?

FOOL. Aristotle's or Zeno's, Lady—'tis neither latest nor last. For, marry, if the cobbler stuck to his last, then were his latest his last *in rebus ambulantibus*. Argal, I stick at nothing but cobble-stones, which, by the same token, are stuck to the road by men's fingers.

LUC. How many crows may nest in a grocer's jerkin?

FOOL. A full dozen at cock-crow, and something less under the dog-star, by reason of the dew, which lies heavy on men taken by scurvy.

LUC. [*to* FIRST APP.]. Methinks the Fool is a fool.

FOOL. And therefore, by auricular deduction, am I own twin to the Lady Lucrezia!

[*Sings.*]

When pears hang green on the garden wall
With a nid, and a nod, and a niddy-niddy-o,
Then prank you, lads and lasses all,
With a yea and a nay and a niddy-o.

But when the thrush flies out o' the frost
With a nid, and a nod, and a niddy-niddy-o,
'Tis time for loons to count the cost,
With a yea and a nay and a niddy-o.

[*Enter the* PORTER.]

PORTER. O my dear Mistress, there is one below
Demanding to have instant word of thee.
I told him that your Ladyship was not
At home. Vain perjury! He would not take
Nay for an answer.

LUC. Ah? What manner of man
Is he?

PORTER. A personage the like of whom
Is wholly unfamiliar to my gaze.
Cowl'd is he, but I saw his great eyes glare
From their deep sockets in such wise as leopards
Glare from their caverns, couching ere they spring
On their reluctant prey.

LUC. And what name gave he?
PORTER. Something-arola.
LUC. Savon—? [PORTER *nods.*] Show him up.

[*Exit* PORTER.]

FOOL. If he be right astronomically, Mistress, then is he the greater dunce in respect of true learning, the which goes by the globe. Argal, 'twere better he widened his wind-pipe.

[*Sings.*]

Fly home, sweet self,
Nothing's for weeping,
Hemp was not made
For lovers' keeping,
Lovers' keeping,
Cheerly, cheerly, fly away.

Hew no more wood
While ash is glowing,
The longest grass
Is lovers' mowing,
Lovers' mowing,
Cheerly, cheerly, fly away.

[*Re-enter* PORTER, *followed by* SAV. *Exeunt* PORTER, FOOL, *and* FIRST *and* SECOND APPS.]

SAV. I am no more a monk, I am a man
O' the world.

[*Throws off cowl and frock, and stands forth in the costume of a Renaissance nobleman.* LUCREZIA *looks him up and down.*]

LUC. Thou cutst a sorry figure.
SAV. That
Is neither here nor there. I love you, Madam.
LUC. And this, methinks, is neither there nor here,
For that my love of thee hath vanished,
Seeing thee thus beprankt. Go pad thy calves!
Thus mightst thou, just conceivably, with luck,
Capture the fancy of some serving-wench.
SAV. And this is all thou hast to say to me?
LUC. It is.
SAV. I am dismiss'd?
LUC. Thou art.
SAV. 'Tis well.

[*Resumes frock and cowl.*]

Savonarola is himself once more.
LUC. And all my love for him returns to me
A thousandfold!
SAV. Too late! My pride of manhood
Is wounded irremediably. I'll
To the Piazza, where my flock awaits me.
Thus do we see that men make great mistakes
But may amend them when the conscience wakes.

[*Exit.*]

LUC. I'm half avenged now, but only half:
'Tis with the ring I'll have the final laugh!

Tho' love be sweet, revenge is sweeter far.
To the Piazza! Ha, ha, ha, ha, har!

[Seizes ring, and exit.
Through open door are heard, as the Curtain falls, sounds of a terrific hubbub in the Piazza.]

ACT III.

SCENE: *The Piazza.*

TIME: *A few minutes anterior to close of preceding Act.*

The Piazza is filled from end to end with a vast seething crowd that is drawn entirely from the lower orders. There is a sprinkling of wild-eyed and dishevelled women in it. The men are lantern-jawed, with several days' growth of beard. Most of them carry rude weapons—staves, bill-hooks, crow-bars, and the like—and are in as excited a condition as the women. Some of them are bare-headed, others affect a kind of Phrygian cap. Cobblers predominate.

Enter LORENZO DE MEDICI and COSINO DE MEDICI. *They wear cloaks of scarlet brocade, and, to avoid notice, hold masks to their faces.*

COS. What purpose doth the foul and greasy plebs
Ensue to-day here?
LOR. I nor know nor care.
COS. How thrall'd thou art to the philosophy
Of Epicurus! Naught that's human I
Deem alien from myself. [*To a Cobbler*] Make answer, fellow!
What empty hope hath drawn thee by a thread
Forth from the obscene hovel where thou starvest?
COB. No empty hope, your Honour, but the full
Assurance that to-day, as yesterday,
Savonarola will let loose his thunder
Against the vices of the idle rich
And from his brimming cornucopia
Of his immense vocabulary pour
Scorn on the lamentable heresies
Of the New Learning and on all the art
Later than Giotto.
COS. Mark how absolute
The knave is!
LOR. Then are parrots rational
When they regurgitate the thing they hear!
This fool is but an unit of the crowd,
And crowds are senseless as the vasty deep
That sinks or surges as the moon dictates.
I know these crowds, and know that any man
That hath a glib tongue and a rolling eye
Can as he willeth with them.

[Removes his mask and mounts steps of Loggia.]

Citizens!

[Prolonged yells and groans from the crowd.]

Yes, I am he, I am that same Lorenzo
Whom ye have nicknamed the Magnificent.

[Further terrific yells, shakings of fists, brandishings of bill-hooks, insistent cries of "Death to Lorenzo!" "Down with the Magnificent!" Cobblers on fringe of crowd, down C., exhibit especially all the symptoms of epilepsy, whooping-cough, and other ailments.]

You love not me.

[The crowd makes an ugly rush. LORENZO *seems likely to be dragged down and torn limb from limb, but raises one hand in the nick of time, and continues:]*

Yet I deserve your love.

[The yells are now variegated with dubious murmurs. A cobbler down C. thrusts his face feverishly in the face of another and repeats, in a hoarse interrogative whisper, "Deserves our love?"]

Not for the sundry boons I have bestow'd
And benefactions I have lavished
Upon Firenze, City of the Flowers,
But for the love that in this rugged breast
I bear you.

[The yells have now died away, and there is a sharp fall in dubious murmurs. The cobbler down C. says, in an ear-piercing whisper, "The love he bears us," drops his lower jaw, nods his head repeatedly, and awaits in an intolerable state of suspense the orator's next words.]

I am not a blameless man,

[Some dubious murmurs.]

Yet for that I have lov'd you passing much,
Shall some things be forgiven me.

[Noises of cordial assent.]

There dwells
In this our city, known unto you all,
A man more virtuous than I am, and
A thousand times more intellectual;
Yet envy not I him, for—shall I name him?
He loves not you. His name? I will not cut
Your hearts by speaking it. Here let it stay
On tip o' tongue.

[Insistent clamour.]

Then steel you to the shock!—
Savonarola.

[For a moment or so the crowd reels silently under the shock. Cobbler down C. is the first to recover himself and cry "Death to Savonarola!" The cry instantly becomes general. LOR. *holds up his hand and gradually imposes silence.]*

His twin bugbears are
Yourselves and that New Learning which I hold
Less dear than only you.

[Profound sensation. Everybody whispers "Than only you" to everybody else. A woman near steps of Loggia attempts to kiss hem of LOR.'S *garment.]*

Would you but con
With me the old philosophers of Hellas,
Her fervent bards and calm historians,
You would arise and say, "We will not hear
Another word against them!"

[*The crowd already says this, repeatedly, with great emphasis.*]

Take the Dialogues
Of Plato, for example. You will find
A spirit far more truly Christian
In them than in the ravings of the so-call'd
Savonarola.

[*Prolonged cries of "Death to the So-Called Savonarola!" Several cobblers detach themselves from the crowd and rush away to read the Platonic Dialogues.*

Enter SAVONAROLA. *The crowd, as he makes his way through it, gives up all further control of its feelings, and makes a noise for which even the best zoologists might not find a good comparison. The staves and bill-hooks wave like twigs in a storm. One would say that* SAV. *must have died a thousand deaths already. He is, however, unharmed and unruffled as he reaches the upper step of the Loggia.* LOR. *meanwhile has rejoined* COS. *in the Piazza.*]

SAV. Pax vobiscum, brothers!

[*This does but exacerbate the crowd's frenzy.*]

VOICE OF A COBBLER. Hear his false lips cry Peace when there is no Peace!

SAV. Are not you ashamed, O Florentines,

[*Renewed yells, but also some symptoms of manly shame.*]

That hearken'd to Lorenzo and now reel
Inebriate with the exuberance
Of his verbosity?

[*The crowd makes an obvious effort to pull itself together.*]

A man can fool
Some of the people all the time, and can
Fool all the people sometimes, but he cannot
Fool all the people all the time.

[*Loud cheers and laughter. Several cobblers dig one another in the ribs. Cries of "Death to Lorenzo!" The meeting is now well in hand.*]

To-day
I must ask leave to interrupt my series
Of sermons upon certain tendencies
At present noticeable in this city.
I do so with reluctance. Hitherto
I have avoided personalities.
But now my sense of duty forces me
To a departure from my custom of
Naming no names. One name I must and shall
Name.

[*All eyes are turned on* LOR., *who smiles uncomfortably.*]

No I do not mean Lorenzo. He
Is 'neath contempt.

[*Loud and prolonged laughter, accompanied with hideous grimaces at* LOR. *Exeunt* LOR. *and* COS.]

I name a woman's name,

[*The women in the crowd eye one another suspiciously.*]

A name known to you all—four-syllablèd,
Beginning with an L.

[*Pause. Enter hurriedly* LUC., *carrying the ring. She stands, unobserved by any one, on outskirt of crowd.*]

Lucrezia!

LUC. [*with equal intensity*]. Savonarola!

[SAV. *starts violently and stares in direction of her voice.*]

Yes, I come, I come!

[*Forces her way to steps of Loggia. The crowd is much bewildered, and the cries of "Death to Lucrezia Borgia!" are few and sporadic.*]

Why didst thou call me?

[SAV. *looks somewhat embarrassed.*]

What is thy distress?
I see it all! The sanguinary mob
Clusters to rend thee! As the antler'd stag,
With fine eyes glazèd from the too-long chase,
Turns to defy the foam-fleck'd pack, and thinks,
In his last moment, of some graceful hind
Seen once afar upon a mountain-top;
E'en so, Savonarola, didst thou think,
In thy most dire extremity, of me.
And here I am! Courage! The horrid hounds
Droop tail at sight of me and fawn away
Innocuous.

[*The crowd does indeed seem to have fallen completely under the sway of* LUC.'s *magnetism, and is evidently convinced that it had been about to make an end of the monk.*]

Take thou, and wear henceforth,
As a sure talisman 'gainst future perils,
This little, little ring.

[SAV. *makes awkward gesture of refusal. Angry murmurs from crowd. Cries of "Take thou the ring!" "Churl!" "Put it on!" etc.*

Enter the BORGIAS' FOOL *and stands unnoticed on fringe of crowd.*]

I hoped you'ld like it—
Neat but not gaudy. Is my taste at fault?
I'd so look'd forward to—[*Sob.*] No, I'm not crying,
But just a little hurt.

[*Hardly a dry eye in the crowd. Also swayings and snarlings indicative that* SAV.*'s life is again not worth a moment's purchase.* SAV. *makes awkward gesture of acceptance, but just as he is about to put ring on finger, the* FOOL *touches his lute and sings:—*]

Wear not the ring,
It hath an unkind sting,
  Ding, dong, ding.
Bide a minute,
There's poison in it,
  Poison in it,
    Ding-a-dong, dong, ding.

LUC. The fellow lies.

[*The crowd is torn with conflicting opinions. Mingled cries of "Wear not the ring!" "The fellow lies!" "Bide a minute!" "Death to the Fool!" "Silence for the Fool!" "Ding-a-dong, dong, ding!" etc.*]

FOOL. [*sings.*] Wear not the ring,
For Death's a robber-king,
  Ding, etc.
There's no trinket,
Is what you think it,
  What you think it,
    Ding-a-dong, etc.

[SAV. *throws ring in* LUC.'s *face. Enter* POPE JULIUS II., *with Papal army.*]

POPE. Arrest that man and woman!

[*Re-enter Guelfs and Ghibellines fighting.* SAV. *and* LUC. *are arrested by Papal officers. Enter* MICHAEL ANGELO. ANDREA DEL SARTO *appears for a moment at a window.* PIPPA *passes. Brothers of the Misericordia go by, singing a Requiem for* FRANCESCA DA RIMINI. *Enter* BOCCACCIO, BENVENUTO CELLINI, *and many others, making remarks highly characteristic of themselves, but scarcely audible through the terrific thunderstorm which now bursts over Florence and is at its loudest and darkest crisis as the Curtain falls.*]

ACT IV.

TIME: *Three hours later.*

SCENE: *A Dungeon on the ground-floor of the Palazzo Civico.*
The stage is bisected from top to bottom by a wall, on one side of which is seen the interior of LUCREZIA'S *cell, and the other that of* SAVONAROLA.
Neither he nor she knows that the other is in the next cell. The audience, however, knows this.
Each cell (because of the width and height of the proscenium) is of more than the average Florentine size, but is bare even to the point of severity, its sole amenities being some straw, a hunk of bread, and a stone pitcher. The door of each is facing the audience. Diminish light.

LUCREZIA *wears long and clanking chains on her wrist, as does also* SAVONAROLA. *Imprisonment has left its mark on each of them.* SAVONAROLA'S *hair has turned white. His whole aspect is that of a very old, old man.* LUCREZIA *looks no older than before, but has gone mad.*

SAV. Alas, how long ago this morning seems
This evening! A thousand thousand æons
Are scarce the measure of the gulf betwixt
My then and now. Methinks I must have been
Here since the dim creation of the world
And never in that interval have seen
The trembling hawthorn burgeon in the brake
Nor heard the hum o' bees, nor woven chains
Of buttercups on Mount Fiesole
What time the sap leapt in the cypresses,
Imbuing with the friskfulness of Spring
Those melancholy trees. I do forget
The aspect of the sun. Yet I was born
A freeman, and the Saints of Heaven smiled
Down on my crib. What would my sire have said,
And what my dam, had anybody told them
The time would come when I should occupy
A felon's cell? O the disgrace of it!—
The scandal, the incredible come-down!
It masters me. I see i' my mind's eye
The public prints—"Sharp Sentence on a Monk."
What then? I thought I was of sterner stuff
Than is affrighted by what people think.
Yet thought I so because 'twas thought of me,
And so 'twas thought of me because I had
A hawk-like profile and a baleful eye.
Lo! my soul's chin recedes, soft to the touch
As half-churn'd butter. Seeming hawk is dove,
And dove's a gaol-bird now. Fie out upon 't!
LUC. How comes it? I am Empress Dowager
Of China—yet was never crown'd. This must
Be seen to.

[*Quickly gathers some straw and weaves a crown, which she puts on.*]

SAV. O, what a degringolade!
The great career I had mapp'd out for me—
Nipp'd i' the bud. What life, when I come out,
Awaits me? Why, the very Novices
And callow Postulants will draw aside
As I pass by, and say "That man hath done
Time!" And yet shall I wince? The worst of Time
Is not in having done it, but in doing 't.
LUC. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Eleven billion pig-tails
Do tremble at my nod imperial,—
The which is as it should be.
SAV. I have heard
That gaolers oft are willing to carouse
With them they watch o'er, and do sink at last
Into a drunken sleep, and then's the time
To snatch the keys and make a bid for freedom.
Gaoler! Ho, Gaoler!

[*Sounds of lock being turned and bolts withdrawn. Enter the* BORGIAS' FOOL, *in plain clothes, carrying bunch of keys.*]

I have seen thy face
Before.
FOOL. I saved thy life this afternoon, Sir.
SAV. Thou art the Borgias' Fool?
FOOL. Say rather, was,
Unfortunately I have been discharg'd
For my betrayal of Lucrezia,
So that I have to speak like other men—
Decasyllabically, and with sense.
An hour ago the gaoler of this dungeon
Died of an apoplexy. Hearing which,
I ask'd for and obtain'd his billet.
SAV. Fetch
A stoup o' liquor for thyself and me.

[*Exit* GAOLER.]

Freedom! there's nothing that thy votaries
Grudge in the cause of thee. That decent man
Is doom'd by me to lose his place again
To-morrow morning when he wakes from out
His hoggish slumber. Yet I care not.

[*Re-enter* GAOLER *with a leathern bottle and two glasses.*]

Ho!
This is the stuff to warm our vitals, this
The panacea for all mortal ills
And sure elixir of eternal youth,
Drink, bonniman!

[GAOLER *drains a glass and shows signs of instant intoxication.* SAV. *claps him on shoulder and replenishes glass.* GAOLER *drinks again, lies down on floor, and snores.* SAV. *snatches the bunch of keys, laughs long but silently, and creeps out on tip-toe, leaving door ajar.*

LUC. *meanwhile has lain down on the straw in her cell, and fallen asleep.*

Noise of bolts being shot back, jangling of keys, grating of lock, and the door of LUC.'S *cell flies open.* SAV. *takes two steps across the threshold, his arms outstretched and his upturned face transfigured with a great joy.*]

How sweet the open air
Leaps to my nostrils! O the good brown earth
That yields once more to my elastic tread
And laves these feet with its remember'd dew!

[*Takes a few more steps, still looking upwards.*]

Free!—I am free! O naked arc of heaven,
Enspangled with innumerable—no,
Stars are not there. Yet neither are there clouds!
The thing looks like a ceiling! [*Gazes downward.*] And this thing
Looks like a floor. [*Gazes around.*] And that white bundle yonder
Looks curiously like Lucrezia.

[LUC. *awakes at the sound of her name, and sits up sane.*]

There must be some mistake.

LUC. [*Rises to her feet.*] There is indeed!
A pretty sort of prison I have come to,
In which a self-respecting lady's cell
Is treated as a lounge!
SAV. I had no notion
You were in here. I thought I was out there.
I will explain—but first I'll make amends.
Here are the keys by which your durance ends.
The gate is somewhere in this corridor,
And so good-bye to this interior!

[*Exeunt* SAV. *and* LUC. *Noise, a moment later, of a key grating in a lock, then of gate creaking on its hinges; triumphant laughs of fugitives; loud slamming of gate behind them.*

In SAV.'S *cell the* GAOLER *starts in his sleep, turns his face to the wall, and snores more than ever deeply. Through open door comes a cloaked figure.*]

CLOAKED FIGURE. Sleep on, Savonarola, and awake
Not in this dungeon but in ruby Hell!

[*Stabs* GAOLER, *whose snores cease abruptly.*
Enter POPE JULIUS II. *with Papal retinue carrying torches.* MURDERER *steps quickly back into shadow.*]

POPE. [*to body of* GAOLER.] Savonarola, I am come to taunt
Thee in thy misery and dire abjection.
Rise, Sir, and hear me out.
MURDERER. Great Julius, —
Waste not thy breath. Savonarola's dead.
I murder'd him.
POPE. Thou hadst no right to do so.
Who art thou, pray?
MURDERER. Cesare Borgia,
Lucrezia's brother, and I claim a brother's
Right to assassinate whatever man
Shall wantonly and in cold blood reject
Her timid offer of a poison'd ring.
POPE. Of this anon.

[*Stands over body of* GAOLER.]

Our present business
Is general woe. No nobler corse hath ever
Impress'd the ground. O let the trumpets speak it!

[*Flourish of trumpets.*]

This was the noblest of the Florentines.
His character was flawless, and the world
Held not his parallel. O bear him hence
With all such honours as our State can offer.
As doth befit so militant a nature.
Prepare these obsequies.

[*Papal officers lift body of* GAOLER.]

A PAPAL OFFICER. But this is not
Savonarola. It is some one else.
CESARE. Lo! 'tis none other than the Fool that I
Hoof'd from my household but two hours agone.

I deem'd him no good riddance, for he had
The knack of setting tables on a roar.
What shadows we pursue! Good night, sweet Fool,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
POPE. Interrèd shall he be with signal pomp.
No honour is too great that we can pay him.
He leaves the world a vacuum. Meanwhile,
Go we in chase of the accursèd villain
That hath made escapado from this cell.
To horse! Away! We'll scour the country round
For Sav'narola till we hold him bound.
Then shall you see a cinder, not a man,
Beneath the lightnings of the Vatican!

[*Flourish, alarums and excursions, flashes of Vatican lightning, roll of drums, etc. Through open door of cell is led in a large milk-white horse, which the* POPE *mounts as the Curtain falls.*]

Remember, please, before you formulate your impressions, that saying of Brown's: "The thing *must* be judged as a whole." I like to think that whatever may seem to us amiss in these Four Acts of his would have been righted by collation with that Fifth which he did not live to achieve.

I like, too, to measure with my eyes the yawning gulf between stage and study. Very different from the message of cold print to our imagination are the messages of flesh and blood across footlights to our eyes and ears. In the warmth and brightness of a crowded theatre "Savonarola" might, for aught we know, seem perfect. "Then why," I hear the Editor of this Magazine asking, "did you thrust the play on *me* and not on a theatrical manager?"

That question has a false assumption in it. In the course of the past eight years, I have thrust "Savonarola" on any number of theatrical managers. They have all of them been (to use a technical phrase) "very kind." All have seen great merits in the work; and if I added together all the various merits thus seen I should have no doubt that "Savonarola" was the best play never produced. The point on which all the managers are unanimous is that they have no use for a play without an ending. This is why I have fallen back at last, most unwillingly, on the Editor of this Magazine, whom now I hear asking why I did not, as Brown's literary executor, try to finish the play myself. It seems impossible for him to ask questions without false assumptions in them. I did try, hard, to finish "Savonarola."

Artistically, of course, the making of such an attempt was indefensible. Humanly, not so. It is clear throughout the

play—especially perhaps in Acts III. and IV.—that if Brown had not steadfastly in his mind the hope of production on the stage, he had nothing in his mind at all. Horrified though he would have been by the idea of letting me kill his Monk, he would rather have done even this than doom his play to everlasting unactedness. I took, therefore, my courage in both hands, and made out a scenario. . . .

Dawn on summit of Mount Fiesole. Outspread view of Florence—Duomo, Giotto's Tower, etc.—as seen from that eminence.

NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI, *asleep on grass, wakes as sun rises. Deplores his exile from Florence, Lorenzo's unappeasable hostility, etc. Wonders if he could not somehow secure the* POPE'S *favour. Very cynical. Breaks off:* But who are these that scale the mountain-side?| Savonarola and Lucrezia | Borgia!—*Enter through a trap-door, back C. (trap-door veiled from audience by a grassy ridge)* SAV. *and* LUC. *Both gasping and foot-sore from their climb. [Still with chains on their wrists? or not?]*—MACH. *steps unobserved behind a cypress and listens.*—SAV. *has a speech to the rising sun*—Th' effulgent hope that westers from the east | Daily. *Says that* his *hope, on the contrary, lies in escape* To that which easters not from out the west, | That fixed abode of freedom which men call | America. *Very bitter against* POPE.—LUC. *says that she, for her part, means* To start afresh in that uncharted land | Which austers not from out the antipod— | Australia!—*Exit* MACH. *unobserved down trap-door behind ridge, to betray* LUC. *and* SAV.—*Several longish speeches by* SAV. *and* LUC. *Time is thus given for* MACH. *to get into touch with* POPE, *and time for* POPE *and retinue to reach the slope of Fiesole.* SAV., *glancing down across ridge, sees these sleuth-hounds, points them out to* LUC. *and cries* Betray'd! LUC. By whom? SAV. I know not, but suspect | The hand of that sleek serpent Niccolo | Machiavelli.—SAV. *and* LUC. *rush down C., but find their way barred by the footlights.*—LUC. We will not be ta'en | Alive. And here availeth us my lore | In what pertains to poison. Yonder herb | [*points to a herb growing down* R.] is deadly nightshade. Quick, Monk! Pluck we it!—SAV. *and* LUC. *die just as* POPE *appears over ridge, followed by retinue in full cry.*—POPE'S *annoyance at being foiled is quickly swept away on the great wave of Shakespearean chivalry and charity that again rises in him. He gives* SAV. *a funeral oration similar to the one meant for him in Act IV, but even more laudatory and more stricken. Of* LUC., *too, he enumerates the virtues, and hints that the whole terrestrial globe shall be hollowed to receive her bones. Ends by saying:* In deference to this our double sorrow | Sun shall not shine to-day nor shine to-morrow.—*Sun drops quickly back behind eastern horizon, leaving a great darkness on which the Curtain slowly falls.*

All this might be worse, yes. The skeleton passes muster. But in the attempt to incarnate and ensanguine it I failed wretchedly. I saw that Brown was, in comparison with me, a master dramatist. Thinking I might possibly fare better in his method of work than in my own, I threw the skeleton into a cupboard, sat down, and waited to see what Savonarola and those others would do.

They did absolutely nothing. I sat watching them, pen in hand, ready to record their slightest movement. Not a

little finger did they raise. Yet I knew they must be alive. Brown had always told me they were quite independent of him. Absurd to suppose that by the accident of his own death they had ceased to breathe. . . . Now and then, overcome with weariness, I dozed at my desk, and whenever I woke I felt that these rigid creatures had been doing all sorts of wonderful things while my eyes were shut. I felt that they disliked me. I came to dislike them in return, and forbade them my room.

Some of you, my readers, might have better luck with them than I. Invite them, propitiate them, watch them! The writer of the best Fifth Act sent to me shall have his work tacked on to Brown's, and I suppose I could get him a free pass for the second night.

Studies in Classic American Literature (v)

By D. H. Lawrence

Fenimore Cooper's Leatherstocking Novels.

In Cooper's Leatherstocking series we broach another world of reality. Here there are mystery and passion and the further progress into the unknown. We are not involved in the mechanical workings of the will, as it works itself into automatic self-determination.

It is the search for his own consummation, for the mystical "next step," which Cooper records in the Leatherstocking books. In the Anglo-American novels, the so-called love theme is the predominant interest. But it is not interesting. One does not care who marries Eve Effingham, because there is no vital marriage possible. There are only the intricacies of the self-determined psyche to record.

Cooper symbolises his own actual, mechanical, self-determined life in the Effinghams. But in Leatherstocking he symbolises his own last being, strange and wrought to a conclusion, seeking its consummation in the American woods and the Indian race, his pure complement in the Chief Chingachgook. As an American citizen he lived correct, impeccable—a clock-work man. Yet his living soul moved on in passional progress.

It is amazing the subjection a human being can suffer. A fakir can live buried up to the chin in earth, asserting the mechanical will and annulling the creative substantial bonds. And Cooper lived buried even over the head in the old concept—the European convention.

And still he had his vital reaction, his progressive mystery. He had still a last communion to make, a last consummation to effect. He describes this in his Indian novels.

He tells one of the last tales of the Odyssey of the white soul, as it vanishes into the unknown. The Odyssey of Homer

is the story of the unfolding of the pristine soul of a race, in the potency and wonder of the surrounding unknown, until it consummates and perfects itself like a flower in spring. The novels of Leatherstocking give us the opposite story, of the passing of the final race-soul into the unknown, towards a surpassing of the old race being. This is the strange autumn-flowering, as pallid crocuses flower in autumn, the last flame on the brink of darkness. It is a consummation on the brink of oblivion, seeding in oblivion. It is the mystery of conjunction in finality, when at last the soul in the conqueror embraces and is at one with the ghost of the conquered. It is the passing of Orpheus into hell, whence he has not yet returned. The new birth is the birth of a new race, risen from the inscrutable consummation of two past races.

Crêvecœur imagines himself under the wigwam. Cooper goes much further. He spends a whole lifetime, imaginatively, in the backwoods. He has a passion for the aboriginal life, the aboriginal scene, and the native savage. His innermost desire is polarised all the time by the primitive America of the Red Man and the Red Man's way of life. His whole soul embraces the dark aboriginal soul with unceasing, fertile love.

It is singular that the refined, cultured, nervous, snobbish Fenimore Cooper should choose as his real hero, the symbol of his own innermost man, Natty Bumppo, or Leatherstocking, Pathfinder, Deerslayer, as he is severally called. We have Cooper, living in a Louis Quatorze *hôtel* in Paris, lying looking up at the painted ceiling, dreaming passionately of the naked savages, yearning for them; or Cooper walking down the long *salon*, a gentleman in every thread, a finished social product, with his soul courting the bloodthirsty Indian of his own American backwoods.

Natty is an unæsthetic figure, especially as we see him first, when he is an old man, uncouth, ungainly, even ugly, with his wide mouth and unlovely manner of speech, and with gaps in his old teeth. Yet he is the innermost man of this Parisian-American. He is uneducated, and, in the cultured sense, stupid, offensive. Yet he is Cooper's very self of selves, the quick of his being. He is the twin, the "little man" of the American's soul, the passional, so-called phallic dual or Doppelgänger which figures so often in the myths. In social reality, Cooper is an Effingham. In *passional*

reality he is Natty Bumppo. And this is symbolic of the American, who is at once so over-cultured and so crude or naïve or child-like.

"It was a matter of course," says Mrs. Cooper, speaking of her husband, "that he should dwell on the better traits of the picture rather than on the coarser and more revolting, though more common points. Like West, he could see the Apollo in the young Mohawk."

This tiny speech shows us Mrs. Cooper's attitude. She was impatient of her husband's Indian passion. To her the coarse and revolting traits of the savage were most in evidence —as they were to Franklin. She was an Eve Effingham, fixed in the will of the old idea. Natty Bumppo to her would be just a vulgar nonentity, almost a renegade of the great white civilisation, and Chingachgook a disgusting old drunkard. In face of the great demon of the aboriginal Spirit of Place, she became only more cultured, more Parisian, and more self-determined.

Her husband and herself were associated in the old culture and the old will. It was a strong, though external, association. In passionate reality they were mutually exclusive of one another. In passional being they were alien, even opposed.

To Fenimore Cooper himself there was one beloved, whom he loved ceaselessly. It was the aboriginal American, beloved in the same way by Longfellow and Prescott, though not so passionately. The great demon, the vast Spirit of Place in the New World, drew him, polarised the whole of his living psyche. Europe was the fixed pole of his cultured ego, his finished self. But she was the extreme negative pole of repulsion to his vital, innermost being. He yearned mystically to the soul of his Red brother; he brooded over him and asked for him with superlative desire.

And he dreamed his true marriage with the aboriginal psyche. All futurity for him lay latent, not in the white woman, but in the dark, magnificent presence of American warriors, with whom he would be at one in the ultimate atonement between races.

In *Pioneers*, the first of the Indian series, Leatherstocking is old and paltry-looking, as Odysseus in the eyes of Ithacans on his return. This is no doubt something of a picture from Cooper's own life. Without doubt he draws the scene of his

childhood and the actual people of his knowledge. For *Pioneers* is half-way between Europe and aboriginal America. It is a story of the early settlement of Cooperstown, as Cooper knew it, no doubt, when a boy, at the close of the eighteenth century. It is the story of the return of Leatherstocking to the European shores, the outposts of the white settlement of America.

There is a mixture of the Anglo-American novel and the Leatherstocking novel in *Pioneers*. We have a set of white people, social units, performing their necessary evolutions in the form of a plot; a Judge Temple and a favourite and only fair daughter of the admirable type, just home from school, from the finishing of her education in the eastern cities; also a mysterious Major Effingham and a young Edward Effingham in disguise. Half in contrast to these, half in the same world, are Leatherstocking, an uncouth old hunter, and Chingachgook, Christianised and christened John, a degenerate chief of the Delawares; also various frontier types, the prototypes of Hurry Harry and Hetty Hutter and other later-developed characters. There is a wrong done by Judge Temple to old Major Effingham, to be put right by the inevitable but somewhat complicated love-match of Miss Temple with the young Effingham—just a favourite bit of old social machinery—a satisfactory restitution of property through a love-match.

The book exists, really, as a wonderful and beautiful picture of an outpost village. It is England—but England lost on the edge of the unknown; England more English and characteristic than England ever was, asserting itself in the toils of the great dark spirit of the Continent.

There is the actual village itself—the long, raw street of wooden houses, with wood-fires blinking and flashing through the uncurtained windows, in the winter nights. There is the curious, amusing "Hall" of the village, Judge Temple's somewhat fantastic replica of a squire's residence. The inn, with the drunken Indian; the church, with the snowy congregation crowding to the fire; the astounding Christmas abundance of the tables, that groaned as English tables never groaned, with weight of good things, splendid things to eat; the turkey-shooting, on the snow; the sports of the rough people; then summer coming, with heavy clouds of pigeons, myriads of pigeons, destroyed in heaps; the night fishing on

the teeming, virgin lake; the deer-hunting, the forests all green, the maple sugar taken from the trees—all this is given with a beauty and a magnificence unsurpassable. It is rich with that pristine magic of futurity, like the Odyssey. There is a glamour and an extravagance about the white men as they move, so very English, on this strange landscape; a mystery of the Red life as they pass in shadow against the glow of the burning night-fires.

No man could sufficiently praise the beauty and glamorous magnificence of Cooper's presentation of the aboriginal American landscape, the New World. We cannot think of the opening of *Pioneers*, as the sledge drives over the snow, the negro guiding the horses through the wild, precipitous forest roads, the Judge and his daughter folding themselves in furs as the twilight advances over the pine-dusky winter, without experiencing that strange, almost unbearable leap of enchantment such as we get only from the Odyssey. It is the magnificence of futurity flooding the heart.

Then there is the story of pain. The old, lean, uncouth huntsman, Natty Bumppo, a figure rather pathetic than attractive, lives in a hut on the verge of civilisation with his grey-haired friend, the Delaware chief, christened John since he is converted to Christianity. The Great Serpent, the splendid Chingachgook of the later novels, is here a mere degraded John, who humiliates his grey hairs in drunkenness, and dies, thankful to be dead, in a forest fire, passing back into fire, whence he derived.

Meanwhile Natty also is humiliated. The game laws have just been passed, partly owing to Judge Temple's wise provision. But Natty has shot through all the wild woods since he was a child and cannot understand that he is poaching on the Judge's land. He has lived all his life by his gun; so how can he hold back his bullet in the close season? He must shoot to live.

Judge Temple is kind, but the laws must be enforced to prevent the wasting of all the natural supplies. Natty is convicted of shooting a deer in the close season. He is shut up in the village prison for a short term. He is an old man of seventy, simple almost as a wild animal, gentle and natural. Yet, in the interest of humanity, he must be put in stocks and in prison.

This drives him off. The Indian chief is broken by

shame in drink. He perishes. Natty goes west. He leaves the woods and waters where he has hunted all his life with the Red Men, and goes west, in his lonely age, departing before the advance of civilisation. A strange, lonely, aged man, he advances into the void of the prairie.

It is the same bitter tale of the horrid advance of civilisation that subjects all life to its mechanisation of laws and penalties and benevolent Providence. Over the whole world we hear the great wail of natural life under the triumph of civilisation. But the violated Spirits of Place will avenge themselves. How long will such a civilisation sterilise the creative world? Not long. The Spirits of Place take a slow, implacable revenge.

Chronologically, *The Last of the Mohicans* follows *Pioneers* in the list of books. But, according to internal chronology, *The Prairie* is second. Here we follow the old hunter to his last place, to his last outlook on the hills of the Far West, and to his grave out there.

The Prairie is different from the other books of the series. It is the story of the recoil and death of the white element in the force of the native daimon. It is strange, and almost mythical, with a sense of vast, inordinate doom. Great wings of vengeful doom seem spread over the western prairie, vengeful against the white men. We find them there still in the late book of Frank Norris, the novel about the wheat. There is a shadow of violence and dark cruelty flickering in the air. It is the last stronghold of the aboriginal Daimon.

Upon this scene enters the huge figure of Ishmael. The ponderous, pariah-like Ishmael and his huge sons and his great were-wolf of a wife roll lonely and inevitably forward from the frontiers of Kentucky into the vast, void prairie. They are primitive as the Cyclops themselves, and shadowed with a sense and a reality of crime. Huge, violent, barbarous figures, they roll impassively on, with their few wagons, surrounded by the immensity of land space. Day after day they pass west into the vast oblivion. But their force of penetration ebbs. They are brought to a stop. They recoil in the throes of murder and entrench themselves in isolation on a hillock in the midst of the prairie. There they hold out like rude demi-gods against the elements and the subtle Indian.

The plot is nothing—a mere excuse for the presentation.

The presentation itself is marvellous, huge, vast, mythical, almost super-human in its import, like the story of the Sons of Anak.

The old hunter and the suave, dark, horse-riding western Indians seem almost like shadows temporarily passing across the landscape. They do not inhabit the place; they are seen in a state of evanescent transit, and their settled habitations seem more like camps of invaders than homes of an established people. There is a difference between the Indians of the west and of the east. The brutal spirit of the prairie, the brutal recoil of Ishmael, these are the place-reality. But as the hills rise softly west we come to a region of suspended abstraction, a borderland that has no force of its own, only an outlook.

The Indians of these hills have some sensuous, soft, Asiatic or Polynesian quality, according to Cooper's vision. They have a suave, swift beauty, physical and sensuous, and utterly dependent on horses. They seem to lie under the last spell of the Pacific influence; they have the grace and physical voluptuousness, as well as the subtlety and sudden ferocity, of the lands of the Great Ocean. It is quite a different Indian from the stern, hard warrior of the east, whose sensual activity is all in death. And it is in these western Sioux, the despised nations, that one sees, if anywhere, the touch of Apollo in the young Indian. They have beautiful limbs, that cleave close to their horses, almost in one flesh. They are not abstracted, as the great nations of the east, in sensual intensity.

Among these men the old hunter dies, gently, in physical peace and soft affection, there west, in his chair on the western hills, under the heavens that are the limits of the world, looking far eastward, where his soul's land lies, among the forests and darkness of the trees and the great sweet waters. He had gone beyond himself, there in the west, in the village of his last days.

The Last of the Mohicans brings us back to the trees and the lakes, the Delawares, and the white men. But in this book Cooper again seeks a pretext for his plot. He must describe actual historical events, and, hanging on to the skirts of history, hamper and spoil his natural movement. Perhaps *The Last of the Mohicans* is the most imperfect of all the Leatherstocking books, the most broken, hesitating as it does

between historical narrative, desire for verity, and the true impulse of pure imaginative, creative revelation. It is not till the book passes away from contact with history and white man's settlement and enters the confines of the Red Man that it expands into sheer significance.

Natty is now Leatherstocking, a man in the prime of life. So we move backwards, from the old age of the *Pioneers*, and the death in the *Prairie*, successively backwards, to the lovely pristine youth of Deerslayer. It is the reverse of the ordinary course of biography. But this is not historical biography, record of the past as it approaches towards the present. This is biography in futurity, record of the race-individual as he moves from the present old age of the race into re-birth and the new youth which lies ahead. It is the story of the return of the aged Ithacus and of his rejuvenation.

As far as the narrative concerns the actual struggle of the Red race with the White race, it is not the object of our present interest. The real story lies in the flight and adventure of the two sisters, daughters of the British officer, with their young guard, Major Heyward, all under the care of Leatherstocking, with whom is associated the Indian chief, Chingachgook, and the chief's beautiful young son—a young Dionysos rather than an Apollo of the west—Uncas, the last of the Mohicans.

For the first time, in the two sisters—the dark, handsome Cora and the fair, frail creature, the White Lily—Cooper gives us the vital presence of women. Cora is the passionate, fierce nature, child of some mysterious union between the British officer and a Creole of the West Indies. She is the scarlet flower of womanhood; and she loves, and is loved by, the young Uncas. Magua also, the subtle and wicked Indian who causes the destruction of the young pair, loves her violently.

Magua, Uncas, and Cora all die a violent death. There is to be no marriage between the last fiery slips of the Red and the White race—no marriage in the flesh. So we read the art-symbology. In the passionate physical reality both races die. Even the vivid and wicked Magua is shot in mid-air, and his beautiful if destructive body falls extinct like a meteorite. It is strange and appalling in this book that twice the hostile Indians are shot from overhead, and plunge down almost as from the skies into death, struck by the bullet of the

inevitable white-hunter. They are the destroyed sun-children. Natty, in his fearful and unerring aim, is the mystic destroyer of the Red Man out of life.

The gentle sister of Cora, however, the timorous, will-less White Lily, she so frail and fainting, lives through all peril, beloved of the sturdy and straightforward young Major. Later, we know, she marries and brings up her family of children. She is the woman of the white race, as she fades out of positive being and becomes just the medium of the man. She lives in the old idea, the old will. The governing principle of the young Major is the same as the governing principle of Franklin. Duty is his first call. He is the brave and manly social unit; he has no single, separate existence. In the woods and in danger he shows a manly, if unsubtle, slightly uninteresting figure. In civilised life he would be an open-handed, but unoriginal, citizen and officer. To Cora, however she might esteem him, he would appear, we imagine, another of the innumerable meaningless figures of social life. The White Lily is his counterpart. She is unutterably passive and subject to the will of the man. She is the passive instrument of the will of the man, as he seeks his ideal self-ratification. And of her the children of the next generation are born.

And over and above all this turmoil of loving and fighting and killing and dying we have the two impressive figures of the middle-aged men, Natty and Chingachgook. They are the dual centre of all the whirl of life. All the tides of death and marriage and birth seem to turn about their stable polarity. Two mature, silent, expressionless men, they stand on opposite shores of being, and their love, the inexpressible conjunction between them, is the bridge over the chasm.

Each of them is alone, and, since the death of Uncas, conclusive, concluded in himself. They are isolated, final instances of their race: two strangers, from opposite ends of the earth, meeting now, beholding each other, and balanced in unspeakable conjunction—a love so profound, or so abstract, that it is unexpressed; it has no word or gesture of inter-communion. It is communicated by pure presence alone, without contact of word or touch. This perfect relationship, this last abstract love, exists between the two isolated instances of opposite race.

And this is the inception of a new race. Beyond all

expression, save the pure communion of *presence*, the abstract love of these two beings consummates itself in an unimaginable coalescence, the inception of a new psyche, a new race-soul that rises out of the last and first unknowable intercommunion of two untranslatable souls. That which Chingachgook was, Natty was not; nor could he ever know. In the same way, Natty himself was the untranslatable unknown to Chingachgook. Yet across this insuperable gulf in being there passed some strange communion between the two instances, invisible, intangible, unknowable—a quality of pure unknowable embrace. And out of this embrace arises the strange wing-covered seraph of new race-being. From this communion is procreated a new race-soul, which henceforth gestates within the living humanity of the West.

The birth in flesh continues *almost* automatically. Physical population goes on in the intervals of being, like a mechanical marking-time of the creative presence. Until, from some perfect communion between living souls or some perfect passing of a soul through the extremes of spiritual and sensual experience, both, there arises a new soul-unit, a first term of creation, a potential anima, which henceforth informs the fit souls of the children of men. So all new being comes into existence: first, in the consummation within the perfected soul of a mature creature; then in the translation of this consummated *new term* of creation into the fresh soil of the succeeding life. It is the flower that generates the seed in the first instance, not the seed the flower. This is the process of creation: the rose itself appears in triumph out of chaos, and leaves behind it the seed of its own perpetuity. It is not in children that the new takes place: it is in the mature, consummated men and women.

The book that follows *The Last of the Mohicans* is *Pathfinder*. This is a beautiful and finished work, but it has not the passional profundity of its predecessors. What it gains in finish and harmony and unified beauty it loses, perhaps, in depth of significance. We are given Natty's abortive love story. But the splendour lies in the revelation of the spirit of place, the pristine beauty of the Great Lakes, the insuperable glamour of sailing the sweet-water seas in the early days when the continent was still virgin to white man, the lakes ringed round with forest and Indians.

Natty is now called Pathfinder. He is a man of thirty-four or thirty-five, a scout attached to a British outpost garrison on one of the Great Lakes. At the beginning of the story he is found in the woods with Chingachgook, escorting Sergeant Dunham and the sergeant's handsome and admirable daughter, Mabel Dunham, to the garrison on the lake. The life at the outpost is well given, almost in the same spirit as *Pioneers*. The action and climax of the story are removed far down the waters to an island in the narrows. The sense of wide, glimmering expanses of shiny water; the ship with her sails all spread, inland, footing the new, sweet waves; the tiny and furtive Indian canoe, venturing so fearlessly into space; the steep hills, the wild, high, virgin shores; then the lonely log-house on the island, hidden with trees in the narrow passage, garrisoned with outpost souls, uneasy and adventurous—all this makes up a magnificent American epic.

But the love of Pathfinder for Mabel Dunham leaves us cold. It is a love which proceeds from the head and the will of the hunter. He finds himself perilously departing from the season of youth into the rigidity of age. And he experiences the inevitable misgiving. He is alone, without kith or kin or place of abode He trembles on the edge of space. And the inevitable fear seizes him—the necessity for some fixed place, some fixed condition, something which shall *determine* his existence, give him a sense of stability, even of perpetuity. He must have a sheet-anchor somewhere. And the orthodox sheet-anchor is marriage and children. Most men would rather have a home which is misery and torment than suffer from the sense of exposure to the winds of fate. They must have children to give them the sense of perpetuity. It is one of the deepest characteristics of the human nature, this craving for a sense of external support, of fixity, even if the fixity be but a chain and an imprisonment.

Pathfinder falls, as all men are inclined to fall. His love for the admirable Mabel is dictated from ulterior purpose; he has, perhaps unknown to himself, an ulterior motive. It is not the love of a man for a woman, in sheer impulse. It is the uneasy ego providing for itself. It is a shrinking from the sheer communion in isolation, which lies ahead, the mystic consummating of the White soul with the Red. It is the inevitable denial of the extreme mystic impulse. When he is refused, Pathfinder has one

horrible struggle with his *amour propre*, then he has recovered. He has got back to the right track. The passion for the young woman, which in him has been somewhat ugly—a quality of roused function and of *fear* rather than of deep desire—is gone in one breath as soon as his *amour propre* is really struck by her rejection of him. We see him writhe in humiliation of a man who has been foiled in making a bargain advantageous to himself—then we draw a free breath. It is all over.

Mabel Dunham is another Eve Effingham, or a Miss Tempest from *Pioneers*, or the Ellen of the *Prairie*, or the admirable young female of *Oak Openings*. She rejects Pathfinder quite decently, for she loves the young Jasper, the half-French master-mariner of the inland waters. He is an admirable character, who will die at his duty like Major Heyward, and who will never do anything that he should not do. Their love is just the continuing of the ordinary colonial population and purpose, without profound significance.

Cooper's last book of the Leatherstocking series, *Deerslayer*, is the loveliest and best. It has the purity of achievement of *Pathfinder* and the passional depth of the earlier works. *Deerslayer* is, indeed, one of the most beautiful and most perfect books in the world : flawless as a jewel and of gem-like concentration. From the first words we pass straight into the world of sheer creation, with so perfect a transit that we are unconscious of our translation.

The world—the pristine world of Glimmerglass—is, perhaps, lovelier than any place created in language : lovelier than Hardy or Turnegev, lovelier than the lands in ancient poetry or in Irish verse. And the spell must lie in the luminous futurity which glimmers as a plasm in all the landscape.

Deerslayer is now a young man—little more than a youth. He is illiterate, and yet by nature thoughtful, of philosophic temperament. Having been brought up all his life among the Indians and in the backwoods, he has a quality of virginity, and at the same time he has the terrible oldness, the old man's deliberateness, of his race. He is race-old ; racially, he is an old man. Sensually, he is an infant. And then there is a new, suspended quality in him : the strange blankness that precedes a dawn. He is found in the woods with a great, blonde-bearded, handsome backwoodsman, called Hurry

Harry. The two young men direct their steps to the smallish lake, Glimmerglass.

On this water the Hutter family is established. It is suggested that the coarse old man, Hutter, has been a buccaneer, and that he has retired beyond the reach of the law. He has been married to a woman of superior station, who had fallen into shame, and was given to this coarse scoundrel to cover her fall.

This is the element of sin which has a fascination for Cooper, and which he must introduce to justify any dark, sensual type—such as Cora in *The Last of the Mohicans*. The flower of sin is Judith Hutter, daughter of the buccaneer —dark, handsome, fearless, and passionate, a scarlet-and-black blossom. She is juxtaposed by the fair Hetty Hutter, her sister, another White Lily, of almost angelic innocence, but, alas! touched with idiocy. She is weak in her mind.

Hutter, the brutal old scoundrel, is none the less an ingenious character and a good father to the two girls—or young women, as they are now. On the remote Glimmerglass, away from all white men, he has constructed his castle and his ark, and has made a fair living by trapping the furred animals. His castle is a heavy log-house, built away in the water on piles driven deep into the bed of the lake. It is surrounded by a palisade, and is thus almost impregnable: inaccessible save to the canoes of the Indians, and secure against these when the heavy water-gate is fast. His ark is a clumsy kind of boat-house, a square cabin built on a sort of raft. This can be slowly rowed from place to place, and the family transported to whatever spot is most favourable to the old trapper's business. Meanwhile the castle is locked up.

So the two young hunters find it when they arrive on Glimmerglass. The ark is moored and hidden at the mouth of a stream which enters the lake. But war has broken out, and, unrevealed, the Indians are on the shores of the lake, hostile. The story of peril and conflict begins at once in the midst of the marvellous peace and beauty of the wooded lake.

Cooper, like Hardy, has an inevitable break between fair and dark. He has only three types: the dark and sensual, the blonde and spiritual, and the mechanical, material, conventional type. In Cooper it is Cora and the White Lily and Miss Tempest. In Hardy, the division is obvious.

This division into duality, and the conflict in dualism in

the self, and the inevitable ensuing tragedy, is Hardy's theme as well as Cooper's. Hardy had no way out. He throws his approbation in the spiritual scale, his passion in the sensual scale, and the balance is so equal and opposite that the scales themselves, the human life, can only break into death. Cooper has the same division, the same tragedy. But he has two ways out: either the material-social successfulness into which his admirable Mabels betake themselves, or the strange, blank reality of Deerslayer.

Hurry Harry, the big, blustering backwoodsman, has come to woo Judith Hutter. His deepest quality is a cowardice in the soul: not physical cowardice, but soul cowardice. He loves Judith, not with any intensity or real discrimination, but with prostituting appetite. Judith is the sensual flower of womanhood, a dark blossom, yet a pure blossom: whereas Hurry Harry can conceive of no blossoming. He is in the vulgar sense a sensualist, greedy, full of appetite, but without true passion: a bully, established on an innate sense of his own insufficiency and weakness, giant as he is. There is a cringing, craven deficiency in his soul, so he becomes an outward blusterer. All of him is handsome except the very core, the middle of the pupil of his eye, where there is a mongrel fear.

Judith rejects him with scorn. She is a flower of sin; for in her race the sensual mystery is the sin mystery. But she has a real magnificence and pathos. She loves Deerslayer, loves him profoundly; for he is as pure a spiritual type as she is a sensual type. If she could possess him, sensually, she would yield to him utterly, in the rest of life.

But Deerslayer will not be sensually possessed by any woman. He is the spiritual type. He would melt like wax in the hot, possessive passion of Judith; she would absorb him, envelop him utterly. He would become an inclusive part of herself, flowing into her down the vivid current of his negative sensuality, like some sheer fire she had drunk. She would be fulfilled and suffused with him, and he would be gone, merged, consumed into the woman, having no being of his own apart from her. And she, possessing him utterly, as if he were enveloped in her own womb, would worship him.

This Deerslayer will never have. He sticks to his own singleness. A race falls when men begin to worship the

Great Mother, when they are enveloped within the woman, as a child in the womb. And Deerslayer represents the heroic spirit of his race passing in singleness and perfection beyond his own race, into the pure unknown of the future. For him there is no slipping back into the womb. He is young, perhaps a little priggish, but candid, even candescent: a delicate hero, frail like an autumn crocus, and as deathly, but perfect.

Hetty Hutter, the fair child of God, falls in love with Hurry Harry. This is the horror of her imbecility, which, like a scotched snake, turns back and bites itself, envenoms itself with its own poison. Wandering with her Bible into the hostile and dangerous camp of the Red men, she lisps to them, in her childish innocence, of the God of immaculate love, the beauty of holiness and humility. The chiefs listen and slowly, sadly smile. They see she is imbecile; and they see the fatality of her message. She is one of God's fools, the White Lily already festering at the quick.

For she falls violently and helplessly in love with Hurry Harry. This is the malignant mockery of imbecility. She herself longs to defile that which she most purely is. The child of immaculate love, she longs to prostitute herself to the mongrel embrace of Hurry Harry. This is the cunning of imbecility, which malignantly betrays that which it most purely worships. This fatal and hideous division of the self against the self, helpless, malignant, is the horror of imbecility.

The book ends sadly. Judith goes her way, to shame, as it seems. There has been killing and violence. Hetty is dead; so is old Hutter. The castle, the ark, the wonderful lake, are abandoned. Deerslayer goes his way into the woods with the young Indians.

And even he is really a slayer, as his name says. He, the last exponent of the Christian race in the West, whose God is symbolised as the Lamb, has the name of Deerslayer—Slayer of the Lamb. This is the paradox, almost as paradoxical as imbecility itself. Deerslayer remains true to the Christian tenet of humility, mercy, selflessness. A great deal of the Sermon on the Mount would apply to him. He lives for others.

And yet he can only live in presence of danger and death. He is the most perfect shot in the backwoods. He brings the

highest bird dead from mid-heaven. He loves poignantly to see the deer stoop and drink at the edge of the lake. And perhaps he has an even more poignant thrill of pleasure as he sends a bullet clean to the heart of that deer—but only, of course, if it be necessary for food. He has a passion for the experiences of danger and death. No woman could give him the sheer flame of sensation he feels when the hand of a hostile Indian is laid on him as he lies in his canoe believing himself to be far out on the water.

But Deerslayer is at the end of his race-journey. In him there is no succumbing to the woman, the Magna Mater of his shame. Nor is there any break into imbecility. He has come to the end of his journey, and before him lies the leap into space, into oblivion, into death. And he will take it.

But now, at the end, he sees beyond him, in face of him, that which he has been journeying away from. Beyond him and in front of him he sees the Red Man, the sensual being which for ages he has been destroying or fleeing from. And that which he has most perfectly destroyed he now most perfectly accepts across the gulf.

This is the beauty of Deerslayer, that he knows at last that there are two ways, two mysteries—the Red Man's and his own. He must remain true to his own way, his own mystery. But now at last he acknowledges perfectly and in full the opposite mystery—the mystery of the other.

Still, there is no physical mating for him—only the passage and consummation into death. And this is why Deerslayer must live in peril and conflict, live by his death-dealing rifle. For him the physical consummation is a consummation into death. Ecstasy after ecstasy of keen peril and terrible death-dealing passes through his frame, gradually, mystically reducing him, dissolving out his animate tissue, the tissue of his oldness, into death as a pearl dissolves in wine. This is his slow, perfect, sensual consummation, his ultimate mystic consummation into death. For as an individual and as a race unit he must pass utterly into death—dissolve out.

But even this is a process of futurity. It is the flower which burns down to mould, to liberate the new seed. And the lovely American landscape is the pure landscape of futurity: not of our present factory-smoked futurity, but of the true future of the as yet unborn, or scarcely born, race of Americans.

The Public Schools: Difficulties of Reform

By Alec Waugh

Reformers of public school education occupy at the present time a rather false position. For so long the public school system has been accepted with an unquestioning reverence, for so long has it been regarded as forming one of the main pillars of the State that if anyone breathes a word against it now he is labelled a revolutionary and an iconoclast; it is assumed that his programme involves the complete destruction of the existing fabric, and that he proposes to erect about its ruins some bizarre construction of eugenics and modernity; and this attitude towards reform has recently been confirmed by Mr. Martin Browne, in *A Dream of Youth*. "Alec Waugh and his supporters," he writes, "feel that the public school principle is a wrong one, and that the schools themselves are in such a hopeless state that dissolution alone can cleanse them."

Well, I do not believe that anyone who has been to a public school would be so foolish as to wish for its dissolution. The public school system is not a jerry-built affair that can be overturned and rebuilt in a few weeks. It is a very old, a very magnificent, a very venerable mansion, but at the present moment it does stand in need of repair. It is many years since the drains were attended to; it is time that electric light was substituted for the old gas fittings; the tapestry is a little moth-eaten; the books in the library are dusty, as if they had not been touched for many months. The house wants to be spring-cleaned, but there is little wrong with the house—at any rate, the family that inhabits it has no intention of leaving it. It is ancestral; a tradition clings around it. It is bound by too many associations with the past.

That is how the public school system stands to-day. Like all other forms of government, it has grown up round certain unconscious, but clearly marked, traits in the English tempera-

ment. It conforms to the character of the nation, and at this late day it is vain to attempt to build up any other system. Like all work of human hands, it would necessarily be imperfect, and it would fail to conform to the inherited nature that it sets out to train. Any sudden reversal of policy, any revolution or upheaval must eventually defeat its own ends. Sooner or later the people will return to that form of government by which alone its wishes are satisfied. That a slow modification of attitude and method is the only way to effect any considerable reform has by now been realised by nearly everyone interested in education

I.

But the difficulties are very great, and one of the chief of them is that schoolmasters do not, and will not, realise the truth about school life. It seems as if a conspiracy of silence had been woven round all save the most superficial activities of that cloistered world. With the exception of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, there was not, till the appearance of Mr. Arnold Lunn's *The Harrovians*, a single honest portrayal of schoolboy character in fiction. Many novelists who had shown in their other work a considerable insight into the psychology of a man's mind, as soon as they turned to a school story abandoned all their previous standards of conduct, and invented a myth—the schoolboy's code of honour. Novel after novel began with the statement: "School life is, after all, only a facsimile of the world at large"; and novel after novel proceeded to falsify this axiom in every succeeding page. For it is only too true that the world of school is a facsimile of the larger, noisier world. But if the outside world resembled the world that emerges from the pages of *Eric*, *The Hill*, *David Blaize*, what an amazing, what an incomprehensible, world it would be—a world full of high lights, of daring escapades, of gallantry and heroics. In *The Bending of a Twig*, Captain Desmond Coke rendered a great service to honesty by his ridicule of these travesties; but there still remains a glamorous conception of school life among those who have allowed themselves to absorb this type of fiction; and out of this conception the schoolmasters have made very useful copy.

For what is the reception of a novel that purports to deal frankly with the facts of adolescence—that regards school life honestly as a setting for the development of character, and

treats it with that impartiality absolutely essential to the good book? Well, what a fluttering of the dovecotes! The book need not be an attack on the public school system—it probably is not; but it refuses to acknowledge the traditional conception that has been so carefully fostered. Parents are incredulous and amazed. They ask, "Can this be true?" Their sons who are in the best position to inform them, have no wish to stand in the confessional, shake their heads, and say, "Not in my house, mother." And the schoolmasters? . . . They either adopt an air of Olympian superiority or else they enter the lists and, sheltered behind a barricade of prejudice, wage an heroic contest. As an example of this I trust that I shall not be considered egotistic if I dwell on my own experiences.

My school story, *The Loom of Youth*, was intended to be a perfectly truthful account of my own life. I had so often found myself misunderstood and misinterpreted while at school that I believed that a novel dealing with the various difficulties that I met with might prove of assistance to other individuals in other schools. I hoped it might make schoolmasters a little more tolerant of an inconvenient type. It was intended to show the development of a boy, somewhat like myself, in surroundings not wholly congenial. *The Loom of Youth* was written as a novel; it lays no claim to propaganda, but as a picture of school life I believe it is representative of a large part of every school in England.

Its reception was far more kindly than anything I had expected. While it was criticised on grounds of literary merit in certain papers with rather qualified approval, nearly all the reviewers, of whom the majority were, I imagine, public school men, found that the picture represented there corresponded with their own memories of school. It was generally conceded that the book was a true study of a boy's character. And then the schoolmasters got hold of it and brought up their heavy artillery. The general attitude adopted was "a bad boy, in a bad house, in a bad school." "In our school," they maintained, "boys do not swear, or crib, or tell lies to masters. They are industrious and religious. They play games, but do not worship them." And then followed the invariable corollary—"after all, we have produced the finest officers in the world. Of every six public school boys one is killed. We schoolmasters must be fine fellows."

One cannot argue with a schoolmaster on the aims of education; he may or may not consider the efficiency of a subaltern the sole test of an educational system; but that last argument is the most insidious because it is based on sentiment, and the most cowardly because it is so grossly unjust to those who have fought to protect *their* homes. Lord Dartmouth, writing to the *Spectator* in December, 1917, said that of the 384 boys who competed for the Ashburton Shield in 1914, 66 had been killed and 79 wounded. This he called "a pleasant picture," on the strength of which the public school system was to be vindicated. Yet if statistics were published the slums of the East End would show just as "splendid a record." And shall we, because of that, look on the squalor of poverty as an ideal state of being? During the last four years every walk of life has sent its sons with equal prodigality to the slaughter, and if the merits of every system are to be decided only by the percentage of its roll of honour, then the war will stand as an effectual bar to progress, and the Menin Road will have been littered with dead in vain. Men like Lord Dartmouth are making "copy" out of the dead.

But this form of defence was adopted mainly by anonymous correspondents, and the chief streams of signed scholastic abuse can be classified under the two heads previously mentioned—the one of Olympian superiority, the other of the buckler and the lance.

Of the former category Mr. Dames-Longworth, an assistant master at Charterhouse, has first claims to recognition. He wrote to the *Spectator* a letter of fifty words, dismissing the book as "pernicious stuff" on the testimony of a schoolboy correspondent whose letter he enclosed, unsigned. As an attitude to take up towards a book that, rightly or wrongly, had been accorded a considerable measure of attention by an educated public—well, it is not creative criticism.

The other pigeon-hole is filled by an article in the *Contemporary Review*, by Canon Lyttelton, the ex-headmaster of Eton. From a man with such experience of schoolboys, who had ruled over the most famous of all English institutions, one would expect a very sane and very level piece of criticism. One would expect from him an acknowledgment of the facts, if not of the conclusions drawn from them. One would expect him, at any rate, to consider

the possibility of such a picture being true. But Canon Lyttelton confined himself to a bald denial. "The picture given of a public school in this book," he writes, "is a caricature, and it is so remote from the truth that there is no probability of anyone believing it. It is not a question of ex-schoolmasters being sceptical, but the whole mass of the public refusing to take any serious heed of what has been written." In these two sentences the man who of all others should be best fitted to form an opinion on these questions is content to shut his eyes to the evidence of many signed reviews and much discussion. He not only denies that the book is true, which he is entitled to do if he wishes, but he denies the probability of others believing it to be true. And when he says that he denies not the personal opinion of one individual: he denies what is an irrefutable fact. A great many people *have* believed in the book, and nothing that Canon Lyttelton can say can alter that.

In view of this disregard of evidence, what follows loses its value. Canon Lyttelton deliberately misinterprets and falsifies the action and character of the book. "We learn from *The Loom*," he goes on to say, " that *all* schoolboys are sickly-minded egotists, whose most exalted moments come after reading Swinburne and de Maupassant." Well, that again is perfectly untrue. Of the central character of the book Canon Lyttelton may form whatever opinion he wishes. Gordon Carruthers may be all that and a great deal more. But as for "*all* the characters"—I can only refer the impartial critic to those characters whom I have taken as types of the average public school boy: Mansell, Foster, Collins, Meredith, Clarke, Betteridge, Fletcher. I do not see how one of these fits into Canon Lyttelton's argument. Of the ideal type that he has in his own mind we may catch perhaps a glimpse in a sentence towards the end of his article: "Not only is the talk of a schoolboy dull to an adult, but if it is not it ought to be. Nay, I should go further and say it is dull in proportion as the speaker is healthy minded, and is developing on lines normal to an Anglo-Saxon." If that is Canon Lyttelton's ideal, one is glad to reflect that the products of his régime at Eton have risen superior to their pattern.

But the fact remains that schoolmasters are doing all they can to foster the conspiracy of silence. They are endeavouring to keep parents in the dark, and to a certain extent

they succeed. And that this is so places a strong bar in the way of progress. Unless we know exactly where we stand, it is vain to try to move forward. We should be certain to get lost. The facts themselves form the only basis from which progress can be begun.

II.

For what are the facts? What is the course of a boy's development from the day he leaves his preparatory school to the close of his last term? During the last few years the story has been told so many times that it seems almost idle to retell it now. A boy goes to his public school, fresh and interested in his work, and for the first term that freshness lasts. The boy returns for his first holiday with a promotion and a good report in his pocket. The gratified parent is prodigal of largess. The next term sees a slight falling-off. The boy has discovered that, after all, it is not really necessary to work quite so hard for Jenks, and that when he is under "Old Mole" it is quite easy for him to pin his repetition on the back of the boy in front. As a practical communist he discovers it is much easier to work at a sum if he has first seen the answer on the next boy's paper. And so the business goes on. No one inspires him to take any interest in his work. His eventual arrival in the Sixth will provide him with certain privileges which he may or may not consider a sufficient emolument. His position in form brings him into no prominence among his friends. A try in a house match is far more important than the Fifth Form Latin Prose Prize, and he accepts the standards that rule his social life. Athletic success is what counts, and for athletic success he strives. He works at his play and plays at his work. In the intervals between his activities on the field he pursues a desultory course of studies, drifting casually from class-room to class-room. He picks up a few Latin tags, a few half-digested theories, an occasional scientific fact, with the result that the outlook of the average public school man is hopelessly obscured by a maze of prejudices and catchwords. That is the case with the ordinary public school boy. But with the scholars it is distinctly worse. For whatever are the intellectual shortcomings of the average type, socially and from the point of view of comradeship, he is the most delightful person in the world. On that point there can be no doubt.

The product of the public school is superior to that of any other system in any other country. The trouble is that it could be so much better.

With the scholars, however, it is different. From the moment he enters he is trained like a prize Pomeranian; he is fed with "scholarship." He learns the tricks of the business; he studies not the rules, but the exceptions to them. He lives in a world of digamma and enclitics; his mental horizon is limited by a "properly-based *οὖν*." His training is thoroughly inhuman, and from this type is drawn the majority of schoolmasters and of those Government officials who during the last four years have conspired to weave round soldiers and civilians alike such an inextricable coil of red tape.

The public school provides no outlet for a boy's emotional nature. Only in rare instances does it touch his "soul-side." In chapel services there is much talk of the spiritual life, but in its wider and humaner sense that spiritual life is starved. To this may be traced all the trouble and difficulties of school life, and it has for some time been realised among those masters who care intensely for their work that the only remedy lies in finding for each boy some inner interest that will appeal to him as strongly as athletics. But as the senior masters see no need for reform, the position of the young energetic master is made very difficult. Any innovation is regarded with suspicion; the influence of the young man is considered revolutionary and dangerous; though the authorities do not realise that the only danger lies in the comparison between their extreme dullness and the fresh vitality of the enthusiast. What is perhaps more serious, the parents are alarmed. And indeed it is only natural that they should be. The schoolmasters have told them that the existing system is in every way excellent. The picture of school life presented in *Eric* and his brethren has confirmed their panegyrics, and when a host of invaders appears, whose programme involves the dethroning of the god of games, the startled parents cry for protection, and, as it is they who support these institutions, the headmaster has to yield and either remove or modify the offending influences.

Certainly at this moment the relations between the headmaster and the parents are very difficult. The public school system is competitive. Each school is the rival of

every other school, and it is dangerous for any school to get a reputation of unorthodoxy. All the governors appear to want is a flourishing commercial concern; they put the headmaster there to give it them. If they do not get what they want they make trouble, with the result that it is very hard for the schoolmaster to be honest. If he confesses that the boys slack at work, worship games, crib, swear, the parents will retort, "Then it must be a thoroughly bad school. It is not like that at every school. Canon Lyttelton says so." And so the best of the house-masters have to adopt an attitude of reticence and compromise, while the less broad-minded develop into petty tyrants. They browbeat parents on those intimate points on which the parents are best fitted to give information, such as the boy's character and development, while they cringe on those points of policy and curriculum where they should stand firm. Thus the position is made impossible for those younger masters whose enthusiasm is inclined to override their tact, but whose presence in a school is invaluable. Only a few months ago one of the leading schools set a typical example of moral cowardice. Under the influence of two eager, enterprising masters, a political movement was started, which had as its official organ a paper called *A Public School Looks at the World*. That paper is unique. It had articles dealing with all the modern problems of theoretical and practical government. The views contained in them were very level-headed, though somewhat too democratic for conservative tastes. This paper was the signpost of the movement which was gradually absorbing the interests of a large part of the school. Nothing more healthy can be imagined. The boys had a genuine interest—in something besides games—and, what is more, it was a thoroughly human interest, which was getting them into touch with the various questions that at some future date they themselves would have to settle. And yet, what was the reception of this movement at the hands of the senior masters? A few parents were nervous; their sons returned for the holidays full of alarming theories, and heresies such as "state your terms." Then the masters grew frightened. The War Office heard of it and began to make inquiries. A panic seized the common-room; the paper was suppressed; the two young masters are no longer on the staff. The whole movement collapsed, and it could have so easily been saved. If only the senior masters

had tried to persuade the parents that such an interest is an absolutely essential factor in the development of a boy's character! If only the War Office interference had been firmly faced! But for so long there has been this conspiracy of silence, for so long masters have refused to take parents into their confidence, that parents now believe that there is no need for reform, and that all innovation is dangerous.

From these facts it might be urged that the relations between parents and masters have become so inextricably involved that only a complete upheaval can put things straight. It might be urged that no system so conservative and competitive can bear good fruit; it would be far better for the State to take over the schools and run them on national lines. But Mr. Fisher's Education Bill included no panacea for the public schools, and rightly so; for one would rather put oneself in the hands of the most domineering pedagogue than surrender to the caprice of a Government Office. An individual may be brought to see reason—at any rate, he is human. But the last four years have proved that nothing can exceed the collective stupidity and injustice of the average Government committee.

The only way to reform is through a patient modification of the existing system. If schoolmasters persist in their attitude of denial and self-complacence, sooner or later parents will realise the facts that boys do no work at school, that they are taught next to nothing, that the spiritual and intellectual life does not exist for them, that for want of something better they have made a god of games. As soon as this has been generally realised reform will follow along temperate lines. But till both parents and schoolmasters meet on terms of perfect honesty, and till they know where they are and whither they are moving, progress is rendered to a large extent impossible.

Humoresque

By William Caine

Wilfrid was seventeen. To look at him you would have thought him an effeminate, so pink and white were his soft cheeks, so curly and yellow was his silky hair. You would have been wrong. Wilfrid was a sad—indeed, a shocking—dog. Now you know what you may expect from this story.

Theoretically, Wilfrid was one of the most desperate villains that you can imagine. Woman was simply—though theoretically—his plaything. Just that.

To break the hearts of girls was his business in life. To carry on *liaisons* was what he lived for. He thought of *affaires* as other men think of their victuals. He went about the world like a raging lion, seeking whom he might devour. You would never, never have guessed it.

He had a supreme contempt for young men who bore themselves modestly towards young women. He believed that no young woman wished that young men should behave modestly towards her. He had a perfect comprehension of the nature of young women. At heart they were all rakes. Well, that suited him capitally. Oh! he was ready for them, was Wilfrid.

He was certain that, if he could only begin, there would be absolutely no stopping him anywhere. Frequently he pictured himself in the Divorce Court. He was prepared to fight duels over in France if necessary. Of course, if it should come to that he meant always to fire into the air. He was a rip, yes; but he shrank from shedding human blood. He hated the thought of killing the husbands of his victims.

He had, in short, definitely cast himself for the *rôle* of the Gay Lothario.

It only remained to inaugurate his career.

At least six times he had been within an ace of trying to kiss a girl; but hitherto his courage had always failed

him at the last moment. Every one of those girls had escaped unkissed; for all he knew they had parted from him quite unsuspicious that anything had been plotted against their peace of mind. This reflection caused him great unhappiness. He despised himself utterly for his inability to be temerarious. He knew definitely that every one of those six girls had been longing to be kissed by him, and yet he had not kissed them. And why? Simply because he had been afraid.

"By Jove!" he often said to himself. "What a poop they must have thought me!" And he would grit his teeth and swear that he would not again be unworthy of himself and his high destiny. The Lord help the next girl, that was all!

Yet with the next girl it was the same as before. And with the next. And with the next. Bold as brass right up to the psychological moment, when that moment came he was found always quite suddenly wanting in resolution.

It was infuriating. Worse, it was humiliating.

Here he was, seventeen last birthday, and not a single girl kissed! Shame ate his vitals.

One evening he went to a dance in the house of some neighbours. It was a small dance, and nearly every girl present at it was known intimately to Wilfrid. Nearly all of them called him Wilfrid, and he called nearly all of them Gertie or Nellie or Katie, or as the case might be. Very few girls were in the room whom he had not, at one time or another, sworn to kiss. Now, it so happened that any girl whom he had sworn to kiss and had not kissed was almost poison to Wilfrid. He could still dance with such a girl—indeed, he had to if he wanted to enjoy any considerable amount of dancing—but he could no longer contemplate kissing her. He even avoided sitting out with such girls in secluded corners. He always suffered under the suspicion that they despised him.

There were, however, at this party one or two girls whom he had never yet seen. He vowed (as he had so often vowed before) that this night should see him launched. It should, by Heck, it should!

He set about having himself introduced to these unknown girls.

Among them was a Mademoiselle Dupin. She was,

as his hostess whispered to him while she was leading him across the room, a French cousin of the Westons, who had brought her with them. Wilfrid didn't care whose cousin she might be. She was handsome and she was French, and his heart beat high.

Mademoiselle Dupin spoke English with the most promising possible accent. She had large dark eyes and a very fascinating little nose and a ripe red mouth, and in her ears were long green pendants. She wore a very low-necked gown of yellow, and long, black, wrinkly gloves. Her black hair was parted on one side, and in it was a yellow rose. Wilfrid felt that that rose was as good as his.

He was entirely resolved to kiss Mademoiselle Dupin.

He supposed her to be about twenty years old, wherein by ten years he was wrong. But he really didn't care how old she was.

He engaged her for two waltzes and a lancers—for all this happened in the days when the lancers was still danced. Wilfrid, however, had no intention of dancing them. He proposed, during those lancers, to sit out with Mademoiselle Dupin and kiss her. That was what lancers were for.

Wilfrid was a very good dancer, and he and Mademoiselle Dupin got on together splendidly, for she was a very good dancer too.

She was gay and witty, and she complimented him so handsomely upon his dancing that he boldly asked her for two more waltzes, which she gave him. In order to make this arrangement he was forced to cut out from his programme the names of two girls—a Lucy and a Jessie—to whom he was already engaged. But he didn't care how many girls he cut.

At last the time came when he must claim Mademoiselle Dupin for their lancers.

"Shan't we sit these out?" he said carelessly, as he offered her his arm. "The lancers are such a bore, aren't they?"

"Oh, yehze," said Mademoiselle Dupin. "Rahzare! Let us seet ow-ut, of course. Do you know a naice plehze—a naice plehze ware we sall be quaite alone? I do 'ate to seet ow-ut ware everybody else ees seeting ow-ut."

"Give me French girls," said Wilfrid to himself as he led her masterfully away.

Presently they were seated on the very top step of the very top flight of the stairs. Behind them was a dim landing, which Wilfrid had thoroughly explored and discovered to be quite deserted. His rear was secure. Below them the stairs descended to another landing, equally empty of intrusive persons. None such could approach without his being aware of the circumstance. He and Mademoiselle Dupin were as fully isolated as it was possible in that house, with a dance going on, to be.

He sat down beside Mademoiselle Dupin, pulled up the knees of his trousers, and cleared his throat. His heart beat strongly, but he had no fear that he would, this time, fail.

Should he take her hand or should he put his arm round her waist? Or would it be best to say something complimentary? Perhaps it would be still better simply to lean forward and kiss her. He wondered if she would scream and make a scene. He hoped to goodness she wouldn't. Then he remembered that she was French, and he saw that it was absurd to dream of her doing such a thing. Yes—he would just lean forward and kiss her. Again he cleared his throat. He turned his head sideways and, as it were, took aim.

Mademoiselle Dupin picked up his hand and pressed it slowly, softly. Then she looked suddenly into his eyes and said in a deep voice: "You are a naice boy. I most kees you. You are soch a vairy preety boy."

With that she put her arm round his neck, drew him to her, and kissed him on his lips.

Wilfrid threw himself violently backwards, burst out of her embrace, and sprang to his feet.

"Oh, my aunt!" he cried, and rushed downstairs, pursued by silver sounds of merriment. Not until he was in the ball-room did he perceive that he was sweating profusely.

The lancers was in full swing. Wilfrid made his way quickly round the room and sat down close to the band—as far as possible from the door.

The bright lights, the loud noise of the music, and the proximity of many people were comfortable to his soul.

But, suddenly, something swelled in his throat, choking him. His face began to work. He knew that he was going to break out crying.

There was a curtained window recess just behind where he sat. He drew the curtains aside and slipped through them, not a moment too soon.

There, in the half-dark, he stood sobbing and panting and cursing and blaspheming, like the devil of a fellow that he was.

Beyond the curtain the lancers rollicked to its close; the enthusiastic pianist thundered out, as if his life depended on it (which it did), the music of the Grand Chain, and, close by, the fiddler's elbow was going like a thing possessed.

Wreckage of War

By Arthur Mills

Week after week, month after month of hot baking sun, a land bare of trees, little green but cactus hedges; a land peopled by troops and by a few ragged Bedouins in ragged tents, and a few Jews. Sometimes the campseen blew, hot, scorching, and laden with dust; sometimes it rained for two, three, four days at a time—torrentially—and bivouacs, tents, shelters, lay flat in a wallow of mud. There was action, too, and three Turkish armies ceased to exist; then came an advance over newly-won ground, through valleys below sea-level, where malignant malaria flourished unchecked, skirting small villages in the grip of cholera, occupying towns where every house was the incubator for a million vermin. And the roads were strewn with dead horses, and overturned lorries, and carcases of men.

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The short, thick-set man was now on his way home.

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The house in Mayfair was brightly lit. Champagne bottles, some six dozen, were marshalled on a sideboard. A Jazz band played a crazy rag; a nigger, beating a drum, sang. Men and women danced and drank. A girl, very drunk, swayed round the room in a man's arms; she sang snatches of the latest song as she danced; it was not at the best of times a very innocent song, and her version was the reverse of an expurgated edition. She had fair hair and blue eyes; her face was dead white; her hair, dressed in the latest fashion, began to be untidy.

The short, thick-set man stood in the doorway and watched. So this was England, home, and beauty. The other women in the room were mostly married; so, too, were many of the men; yet there was hardly a married couple present. The girl with the fair hair and pale face was married to a man he knew. He had known her before she was married

—when she was a *débutante* before the war; he had taken her to dances; she was a happy little thing then with no harm in her, who loved good times. Now? Well, who could say what she was now! Out East he had heard rumours of London having gone crazy.

"By Jove, it's Jack!" She came up to him. "Well, it is good to see you again. You havn't changed a bit."

They danced, he steadying her as well as he could and she singing a wild song. "I am pleased to see you again. It has done me good," she said.

"Do you remember when I used to take you to dances and give you half a glass of champagne and soda?" he asked.

She laughed—a little hysterically. "It wouldn't be much good to me now."

"Where's Henry?" he asked.

"Oh, he's getting rid of me." She threw her arm round his shoulder: "Dear old Jack, you are just as funny and solemn as ever."

He said nothing. Dimly he could see a shadow behind the face of the poor, pale, homeless, drunken girl; a pert mouth and merry eye, an air of readiness to bandy a pat word with anyone—such was the shade of the girl he had known. So she, too, was a victim of the times, of London gone crazy, of hectic nights and anxious days, of the licence of war.

. . . . . .

A green-grey, wind-tossed sea; mighty waves breaking in clouds of foam against mighty rocks; crisp sea air and lovely winter sky; the Atlantic playing with the shores of England, as two strong men will play in merry jest, old friends and old opponents, strong and clean the pair.

The man walked along the shore breathing out of his lungs the air of London. This was the true England: this was the future; the other was only a silly interlude. Here, wild as was the day and the sea and the wind, there was not even a fragment of wreckage to be found.

The Demand for the Land

By E. P. Hewitt, K.C., LL.D.

In an article under this heading in the December number of the English Review, Mr. Outhwaite advances arguments in favour of the taxation of land values. It is our old friend the Single Tax, dressed up in a new garment, and mixed up with the totally different question of land nationalisation. Throughout his article Mr. Outhwaite oscillates between these two schemes, which he appears to treat as if they were identical; although very little thought will show that they are so entirely different as to be mutually exclusive.

Mr. Outhwaite commences with land nationalisation—or, as he expresses it, the doing away with "the monopolisation" of the land by private owners. He then devotes some pages to the advocacy of land values taxation, and concludes with an impassioned appeal for "land restoration" and for the establishment of "the equal right of all to the earth."

The peoples of the Continent have to a large extent overthrown their rulers; but in this country, political emancipation having been secured, Mr. Outhwaite considers that the desire for change will find expression in a demand for "economic emancipation." In particular he considers there is likely to be serious trouble over the question of the reduction of wages after war conditions cease. The extension of State control of industry in recent years increases the danger; for a strike of State employees on a large scale, if persisted in, becomes, in effect, a rebellion.

In support of the view that, under existing conditions, there will be extensive unemployment after the conclusion of peace, Mr. Outhwaite observes that the civilian workers have been able to meet our requirements during the war, notwithstanding that several million men have been with the Forces. He overlooks (1) the large amount of voluntary work, much of it unpaid, which was entered upon because of the State's emergency, but which cannot be expected to be continued; (2) the large amount of work done by women, most of whom (especially the married women) will not wish to continue their work; (3) the large amount of work required to supply the waste of war, especially in the construction of ships of every

kind; (4) the provision made for our requirements during the war has necessarily been on a very inadequate scale, leaving large arrears to be made up after peace is declared; building has been at a standstill, and the erection of an enormous number of new houses is regarded as a matter of urgent necessity; even necessary repairs to existing houses have had to be postponed, and repairs are wanted to articles of every description; (5) goods for our ordinary export trade, the manufacture of which has been discontinued during the war, must be made on a large scale and carried across the seas in order that we may retain the goodwill of our customers, and also for the purpose of paying our debt to America. In face of these facts it appears unduly pessimistic to assert that: "If the present economic system be maintained, the State will be menaced by hordes of unemployed."

The extent, however, to which Mr. Outhwaite exaggerates the danger of unemployment and of serious labour troubles, followed by Revolution, is of less importance than the question of the value of his supposed remedy.

As a basis of his scheme, Mr. Outhwaite commits himself to the crude proposition that "wealth can only be produced by labour from land," or, to use the ordinary Socialist phrase, "that land is the source of all wealth." A loose statement of this kind, which implies far more than it can mean with any approach to accuracy, serves only to mislead. A surgeon, a singer, an author, an inventor may each make a large income very remotely connected with land. No doubt, a man must have raw materials to apply his brains to, and cannot live without being able to rest on a piece of land. But this does not make the raw materials or the land the entire, or even the main, source of his wealth.

Starting from this basis, Mr. Outhwaite contends that the poverty of "the millions" would be removed if land were put to its fullest use. But he subsequently qualifies this by asserting that the "vision" would not "materialise" unless the prevailing economic conditions are altered by putting an end to "the monopolisation of the source of production, the land." All men, he argues, have an equal right to land "as a natural essential to existence," and private ownership of land is "a denial of the equal right of all to life."

Such statements will not bear examination. The "millions" have not been "debarred opportunity to pro-

duce." There is any quantity of land which the owners are anxious to let or sell; but, until the partial security, given by the Corn Production Act, tenants have been shy, hesitating to invest in an industry with such uncertain prospects. Moreover, the system of private ownership in land does not interfere with the right to life. If such a wild idea could be contemplated as that of all land-owners entering into a conspiracy to prevent everyone else from occupying any land, so as to endanger life, the conspiracy would be one the criminal law could reach, and legislation would be promptly introduced to confer, so far as necessary, compulsory powers of purchase.

Having so far confined himself to an attack upon private ownership in land, Mr. Outhwaite branches off into a discussion of the taxation of land values, which he introduces by laying down the principle that "the land . . . is of inherent right common to all, and from each landholder there is due to the community the annual value of the *site** he holds"; so that "every holder of land would become in practice, as he is in law, a tenant of the Crown."

The statement that every landholder is a tenant of the Crown has in it some verbal truth but none of substance. In the theory of law, all land is held, in the feudal sense, ultimately of the Crown; but this involves merely a nominal fealty (which has long become obsolete), and the right of escheat, which takes effect in the rare cases of an owner dying without having disposed of his land *inter vivos* or by will, and without there being an heir to the property. Apart from special cases where, under war emergency or the like, the prerogative is exercisable, the Crown, as such, has no more right to enter upon the land of a subject than any other person or corporation having no title to the property.

Mr. Outhwaite claims that every landholder should pay into "the communal fund" the annual value of the site. This would mean a tax on land values to the extent of 20*s*. in the £, and would involve, in substance, the appropriation by the State of the value of the bare site. Mr. Outhwaite does not suggest any compensation being paid; and accordingly, under his scheme of land nationalisation, or under that of land values taxation, he would appear to contemplate that there should be a general confiscation—in the one case of each

* My italics.

landowner's entire interest in his property, and in the other case of that part of his interest which is represented by the value of the site.

The injustice which either scheme would involve hardly needs comment. Land—including both site and improved value—has been recognised as the subject of private property for centuries, and has been bought and sold under the authority and with the encouragement of the State; and, indeed, many thousands of sales and purchases have been made under the express direction of the Court of Chancery. In every case the value of the site has been included.

What overwhelming grounds of national expediency can be urged as extenuating the proposed breach of faith? According to Mr. Outhwaite, the result of taxing land values would be that "no land would be withheld from the fullest use." This would be brought about by "economic pressure," and "the holders of valuable slum sites would be calling for men to tear down the hovels and erect buildings conformable to the value of the site." But what ground is there for believing that any of these results would follow from the adoption of Mr. Outhwaite's scheme of taxation? No exertion of the landholder would reduce the burden of his tax, which would be a constant quantity, namely, the full annual value of the site. If, under existing conditions, it would not have been profitable for a man to alter the mode of cultivating his ground to increase its productiveness, or to pull down hovels and erect new buildings in their stead, it would not become profitable to do so in consequence of the value of the site being confiscated by taxation.

Mr. Outhwaite regards the chief cause why a large number of new houses is now required to be the withholding of urban land from use. There is no evidence of land in the neighbourhood of towns being "held up" to any considerable extent. Nor would it usually be an advantage to hold up building land for which there is a demand, since the rent received for its use as agricultural land would be much less than the interest on the purchase money obtainable. The fact, moreover, that in rare cases urban land may be temporarily held up is no ground for confiscating by taxation the site value of all land in the kingdom.

The shortage of houses, so far as it is not due to the war, is in the main a result of the land taxes of the 1909-10

Budget, which in the Undeveloped Land Duty and Increment Duty introduced the system of land values taxation into this country. These new taxes depressed the property market and checked building development, not so much by reason of their amount as on account of their uncertainty, the burdensome and vexatious valuation they involved, and the fear entertained that they might be the first step in the movement towards the Single Tax advocated by the land-tax group, which included among its leaders Mr. Outhwaite and Mr. Wedgwood.

It is now generally admitted that the land taxes imposed by the Finance (1909-10) Act, 1910, have been a complete failure, and Mr. Outhwaite is anxious to dissociate his proposals from those of Mr. Lloyd George. He shows no gratitude for the efforts made to satisfy the land taxers, but complains of Mr. Lloyd George's "ineptitude," when "it fell to him to impose a land values tax," in introducing "a series of irritating and useless 'duties' *foreign to the principle.*"*

"Land values" is a phrase adopted to signify the value of the site apart from buildings or other improvements, and Increment Duty and Undeveloped Land Duty are each of them a tax on the site value. Undeveloped Land Duty might have been thought to be a tax after Mr. Outhwaite's own heart, its design being to prevent urban land being "held up."

Mr. Outhwaite complains of Mr. Lloyd George's "ghastly blunder" in not requiring the owners to furnish a valuation instead of having a valuation made at the expense of the State. It is true that the Finance (1909-10) Act, 1910, provided for the valuation being made by the State; but, of course, the landowners have the burden of obtaining expert assistance to check the valuation—often very faulty—made by the officials. If the owners had been required to furnish a valuation, such valuation could not have been accepted without being checked by valuers on behalf of the Revenue, and the cost to the State and the time taken would not have been much less than under the Act as framed. Mr. Outhwaite says that under his scheme there would be "nothing for officialdom, nothing for bureaucracy." But this is impossible, seeing that a permanent host of officials would be required to make, or check, the valuations and

* My italics.

re-valuations. Any valuation rapidly becomes obsolete. Under the Act of 1910 a re-valuation for the purposes of Undeveloped Land Duty has to be made every five years, although in fact the original valuation has not yet been completed.

In the concluding part of his article Mr. Outhwaite returns to his attack on the system of private property in land, thus confusing two different ideas. Under land values taxation the owner is left as proprietor, but is subjected to a tax on the unimproved value (or bare site) up to—if Mr. Outhwaite had his way—20*s.* in the £. Under State ownership of land there would be no taxation of land values. The State would be the owner of both improved and unimproved value, and would not tax itself, but would get its money by a rent covering the annual value of site and buildings or other improvements.

As to land nationalisation, it may be observed that it would involve bureaucracy to an extent greatly exceeding anything hitherto experienced in this country. Officials would be required to arrange and carry through the granting of a lease or tenancy agreement of every lot of land in the United Kingdom, and for such purpose to map out the country into appropriate holdings, and to determine which of several applicants is to be given the preference for a particular holding, and to re-arrange the plots from time to time, to alter the terms of tenancies, accept surrenders, enforce payment of rent and performance of covenants. How many new departments, and how many hundreds of thousands of new officials, would be required?

Under land nationalisation no one could ever become more than a tenant, subject to the iron rules of a department. Independence would be exchanged for slavery, and at a frightful cost. One lesson taught by this war is that Government control of industry means extravagance, waste, and inefficiency. Instead of setting up new departments, the number of Government officials should be cut down with a strong hand; and, instead of making the State the universal landlord, the number of owners—not tenants—of land in England should be greatly increased by giving the people the same opportunity of acquiring the freehold of their holdings as has been found of such vast advantage for the prosperity of Ireland.

The Physique of the Nation

By Capt. E. Brown, R.A.M.C.

About the period of the South African War a slight uneasiness began to arise in certain circles in regard to the condition of our national stamina.

A very considerable proportion of the volunteers who presented themselves for examination, especially among those drawn from the manufacturing districts, had to be rejected for various physical defects and disabilities, and the average standard of physique was low.

Prior to this period our attitude in the matter had been one of almost universal complacency. Nurtured on the legendary idea that one Englishman was as good as two foreigners, with ever the picture before our eyes of Tennyson's Englishman who "stood four square to all the winds that blow," and fortified by the fact that in those days we were easily first in every branch of athletic sports and exercises, it seemed almost a heresy to suggest that all was not well with us in a physical sense.

Nevertheless, about that time the eyes of a good many were first opened to what should have been a patent fact to all, and the craze for fresh air and exercise that took possession of the nation after that war was but a sub-conscious working of the national mind that all was not well.

Had we studied the history of other races and probed deeply into our social and industrial conditions, we should have discovered that in a physical sense we had been deteriorating for two, or probably three, generations.

Let us look these facts squarely in the face.

One hundred years ago, with a population of less than twenty millions, England was mainly an agricultural country, and the great bulk of its people lived in villages and hamlets and small towns—a rude, hardy, vigorous race.

Step by step since then we have become almost entirely a manufacturing and industrial nation, and three-quarters

of the population, according to the Registrar-General's returns, now live within the confines of seventy-six great cities.

That change from a mainly rural to a mainly urban population has been accompanied with a total disregard of all the conditions that make for health and stamina.

Flesh and blood were cheap in those days, and God knows we squandered them freely enough. We did not see then—we scarcely perceive now—that flesh and blood are our only real possessions. We squandered life at its most precious age by child labour; we overworked it by long hours of labour amid unhealthy conditions in mills and factories; we poisoned it in slums and tenements; we adulterated its food; we neglected it and we ill-treated it. To-day the bill is presented to us for payment.

The war has caused its presentation, for I doubt if it had not arisen if the fact of our deterioration in physique would have been generally perceived, and we should have glided peacefully and comfortably downhill until we had become a second Spain—too weak and nerveless to retain within our grasp the glorious heritage of our ancestors. We should have become a nation of B2 or B3 men.

Fortunately, we have had a rude awakening, but at a terrible cost in life and treasure, for Germany counted above all on our decadence in muscle and nerve.

She was the vigorous, hardy, virile race that was to wrest the Trident from our feeble, nervous grasp.

The men who have discovered and laid bare this deterioration are the doctors in the Services—the Navy, the Army, and Royal Air Service; and especially those serving with the latter two. The Navy has always had the pick of the men. There are about 12,000 of these now serving, and their task during the last four years has been that of examining something like seven million men, enumerating their defects, and sorting them into categories, apart from the duty of attending to the sick and wounded.

This has given us a pretty clear picture of the physical standard of the adult manhood of the nation, of the men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five.

The task has been very thoroughly performed and repeated at frequent intervals, so that there is no escape from the conclusions arrived at. The universal opinion

reached by these men is that the standard of physique and stamina is deplorably low and the number of physical defects and disabilities is legion.

The suspicions of the far-seeing in the 'nineties were absolutely confirmed. A word about those disabilities.

Naturally, they range over the whole gamut of physical defects and disorders, but it may be well to particularise some of the more common.

In the first place, the average standard of height and weight is low—lower, I am convinced, than that of Germany, judging from a close observation of thousands of German prisoners and from one's pre-war experience of German manhood.

The standard of height and chest measurement for the Army had to be gradually lowered in this country before the war. With poor physique goes its inevitable corollary—want of stamina and inability to endure prolonged fatigue and hardship.

Poor physique is the direct outcome of the social and industrial conditions amidst which the masses of the people live and work.

We cannot rear A men in B3 houses, amid a B3 environment; and the sooner that obvious but unpalatable fact is grasped the better.

Further, our possessions, our wealth, our industries, our trade, will all go unless they are sustained by the efforts and labour of a physically sound people. Poor physique is generally associated with deficient vitality, and deficient vitality leads to neurasthenia, that bugbear of the Army. The amount of neurasthenia existing to-day is almost incredible—some of it, no doubt, due to "skrimshanking," but a great deal is genuine. Every human being has a certain reserve force of nervous energy—a reserve which is not unlimited—and the strain and stress of war have in a great number of instances depleted that reserve force for the time. For the man of good physique and abounding vitality—the A man—this store is not easily exhausted; but in the man of poor physique and deficient vitality—the B3 man—it is easily and rapidly exhausted.

Next we come to teeth. In the very earliest days of recruiting the old standards of teeth for the Regular Army were maintained, but only for a very

short time. They were then abruptly lowered. Had they been maintained I doubt if Lord Kitchener's first half-million recruits would have been obtained. We do not possess in this country sufficient A men possessing fairly sound teeth to create a great army. There is only one word that expresses the state of the nation's teeth, and that is deplorable. It is far below the standard of our Canadian, Australian, and American comrades.

At one time and in one command, composed of units drawn from all over the kingdom, one-half the men, as the result of a *rapid* examination, required some form of dental treatment, and one-tenth were unfit for service overseas until dentures had been supplied—an operation involving two or three months' loss of service.

It is unnecessary for me to dilate at this time of day on the many and various disorders and diseases that accompany defective teeth, ranging from chronic dyspepsia to an impaired state of health that is the result of slight but continual absorption of *toxins* or poisons from defective and carious teeth. They are known to all, and they are purely preventible.

Next we come to an imposing array of disabilities, some of which are preventable and some of which are not, but the majority of which are the result of rickets in childhood, defective physique, climatic conditions, and a bad environment. These include flat-feet, bow-legs, knock-knees, pigeon-chest, varicose veins, ruptures, varicocele, chronic dyspepsia ("gastritis" in the Services), chronic rheumatism, chronic bronchitis, anæmia, defective vision, chronic ear disease, enlarged glands, disordered action of the heart ("D.A.H."), and many others too numerous to mention.

Whilst not entirely preventable, a great number of these could have been avoided by fresh air, proper food, physical training in youth, a healthy environment, and an intelligent and enlightened rearing of children. They are common in Bethnal Green and the industrial towns, rare in such places as Hampstead and Folkestone.

With our accumulated wealth go hand in hand our accumulated disabilities. So far we have devoted our attention as a nation almost exclusively to the former; now we shall have to pay a little attention to the latter.

During the last year there has been a great outcry about the many men of defective physique and with many disabilities who have been passed into the Services—improperly passed in, it is suggested. I have seen many thousands of these men, and truly the sum total of their defects is appalling. But I would put this plain question to those who cry out: What other men do we now possess?

The A men we possess, who could be spared from essential industries, have long since gone.

It is no use to discover and point out evils unless at the same time measures are suggested to grapple with them. Criticism must be constructive as well as destructive.

Admitted that the nation's physique and stamina are not what they should be or might be—and there can scarcely be two opinions on that point—what measures can be taken to set our house in order? What steps can be taken to stop the steady deterioration of the race?

Before dealing with this vital point it would be well to impress one point on the reader's mind with considerable emphasis. It is this.

No very great improvement can be expected to take place from any measures applied to the generation that has already grown to maturity. The seeds are already sown; the defects are there.

It is to the future, to the next and succeeding generations, that we must look to produce a more vigorous and a more healthy England—the race that is to produce the men of 1940; and, in the view of Sir R. Baden-Powell, the nation that has the finest men in that year will have won this war.

The physique of a race depends on many factors. These are (1) the original stock, (2) climate, (3) social and industrial conditions, (4) housing, (5) the general level of education and enlightenment, (6) the existence or absence of some method of physical culture, and (7) the use that is made of the knowledge of the medical profession. There are others, but these are the most important. Let us look for a moment at these.

The original stock is sound; it needs no testimonial from me. One sees it at its best in the Yorkshire or Cumberland dalesman, the Devonshire or Kentish yeoman, and in the upper middle class throughout the country.

There is no deterioration here; we need not worry about the stock.

Climate we cannot alter appreciably, but I hold the view that one of the commonest adverse results of our climate, viz., chronic rheumatism, might be tackled by the State and the doctor more effectively than it is to-day.

Social and industrial conditions, housing, the land question, and education, though all of the highest importance in regard to health, do not fall primarily within the scope of the physician; they are for the statesman to deal with.

Some system of physical training for youth—some scheme of military exercises, perhaps without guns—is, I trust, inevitable. If we wish to be a virile and disciplined race it is indispensable. We have suffered enough from the lack of it in the past.

Finally, we come to the use made of the medical profession by the State, and with this I have mainly to deal. Let us take a leaf out of the Army's book.

In every unit of the Army the duties of the M.O. are not only to treat wounds and heal the sick, but to deal with sanitation, hygiene, accommodation, food, clothing, camps, huts, tents, physique, equipment, and the extent and nature of the duties required of every single soldier.

The former task, viz., the treatment of the sick, corresponds with the work of the doctor in civil life, but the latter duties, except in the case of sanitation and hygiene, comprise a series of highly important functions that no practitioner is called upon to perform, nor would he be permitted to undertake if he desired. Nevertheless, if we are *really* anxious to improve our physique and health, these are essential duties for him to perform.

Now, in treating the sick in the Army the physician's word is supreme. He gives orders direct and none dare to interfere, but in these other matters the *rôle* of the medical officer is to *advise* the Commanding Officer; in this instance he does not command. But it comes to the same thing in practice, for woe betide the unfortunate C.O. who runs counter to the advice of his medical officer.

Such things simply aren't done, as they say. This principle might be carried out for the nation, and the only way to carry it out is to have a sufficiently numerous and

powerful body of doctors in Parliament to make their weight and influence felt. They would *advise* and the legislature would carry out their advice in practice. Medical men have too long been divorced from public affairs in Britain, and they should now assume their rightful position in the State. We need a massed attack on disease, not the guerilla warfare hitherto carried on by the general practitioner.

We need a trained, a disciplined army to attack and vanquish preventable disease, for that is the one enemy we can defeat, and that army needs a leader and a staff. The general practitioners will be the infantry of such an army, and the bacteriologists will correspond with the Air Force that does the scouting in the enemy territory. These ideas naturally foreshadow some sort of State Medical Service, and, whether we like the idea or not, there is no other way by which this massed attack on disease can be carried out in practice.

A State service possesses a number of advantages. First, it would mean an equal distribution of doctors; Kensington and Bournemouth would no longer be over-supplied at the expense of the East End and the colliery and industrial districts, as they are to-day. Secondly, and more important, the latest advances and the best treatment of any disease would be brought home to every member of the rank and file of the profession, who would perforce have to carry them out. You would no longer get the treatment of to-day from one doctor and that of fifty years ago from another.

Thirdly, it would make medicine that power in the State which its importance and vital interests demand that it should be.

The cause of public health would no longer be checked and thwarted by vested interests in every effort towards progress, as it has been in the past, for such a service would be all-powerful, whereas individual doctors possess no driving force, and their puny and haphazard efforts fail hopelessly against the powerful forces arrayed against them.

One often wonders why slums and tenements that are notoriously unfit for human habitation still exist; why food that is unfit for human consumption is still sold; why almost

every article of food and drink is adulterated with seeming impunity; why milk that is anything but milk is sold to the poor from insanitary cans to spread disease. One wonders at those phenomena until one learns that medical officers of health hold their appointments at the pleasure of councils and corporations whose members are composed mainly of property owners, tradesmen, and lawyers.

The slum landlord, the tenement property holder, the adulterator of food, all those who poison the wells of life at its very source, would be helpless against a powerful, united, organised, and disciplined State service.

Fourthly, it would co-ordinate all the branches of the leading profession—the general practitioner, the consultant the specialist, the operating surgeon, and the nurse. This co-ordination only exists to-day for the well-to-do.

Fifthly, *if the scheme was intelligently put into practice* —an important proviso this—it should produce a higher and more independent status of medical men.

We are told, almost *ad nauseam*, that the long-promised Ministry of Health, which is still in the throes of birth and is having a strangely-delayed labour, will enable the country to save 1,000 infant lives a week. I want it to do a great deal more than that. If those 1,000 infants are to grow up into B3 men and women, I am not convinced that any great gain will be obtained.

But if we could abolish, or very materially reduce, the incidence of the one disease that is mainly accountable for the production of B3 men and women, we should make an immense stride towards the amelioration of the nation's physique. That disease is rickets, and rickets, I am convinced, could be very largely reduced in its extent. I am going to put forward a suggestion showing how this might be accomplished.

Rickets is a preventable disease if ever there was one. It is due to want of fresh air and sunshine and the improper feeding of infants during the first two years of existence. These are removable conditions. Yet rickets is widely prevalent in overcrowded and industrial areas in England—so much so that continental writers refer to it as the "English disease." It brings in its train poor physique, deficient vitality, various deformities of the legs and chest,

and a tendency to diarrhœa, bronchitis, anæmia, dyspepsia, and many other conditions.

It accounts for a great number of children being only B3 children who otherwise would be A1 children.

Attempts have frequently been made by issuing printed instructions to mothers at various children's hospitals to diminish its prevalence, but with little success.

The proposal I venture to put forward is this. Let the entire population from infancy to middle age be periodically examined and categorised, and let each individual's defects (if any) be recorded on a medical history card.

This has already been done for the soldiers and sailors; let it be extended to everyone. We should then have a complete record of the nation's physique and health, and I think it will be admitted that this is the first step towards a cure of the ills we suffer from. First the diagnosis, then the treatment. There would be no need to make this a compulsory examination; its advantages would be so evident that few would want to avoid it.

Take the case of rickets. If every infant was examined at the age of one year and again at eighteen months, the whole incidence of rickets would be disclosed. There would be a certain number of B2 and B3 children owing to this cause.

One might safely leave it to the average individual mother whose baby was only a B3 baby whilst her neighbour's was A1 to know the why and wherefore of such a catastrophe, and to take steps to put it right. For rickets in its early declaration is the simplest thing in the world to correct.

There would be a spirit of emulation between parents to get their children from the lower to the higher categories.

Again, amongst older children and adolescents a periodical examination should disclose all or nearly all the *early* cases of consumption—those cases that we assuredly can cure or arrest.

The only reason why phthisis is such a deadly scourge to-day is because it is not as a rule detected in its earliest stages. The doctor does *not* see it at that period.

Finally, periodical dental examinations of all children at school from the age of six years upwards should do away largely with such a reproach as the present condition of the nation's teeth.

The New Groupings

By Austin Harrison

THE greatest war ending in the greatest collapse in history has left us in the whirlpool of change, or what we call revolution. Our political structure and systems have tumbled with their power edifice, and so in peace we are at war with our dynamics. Fortunately, we do not die; we progress. We cannot revert, we cannot even conjure up the equipoise of comparison, so many are the associations and prejudices that have vanished, so irreparable are the modifications required for rebirth and construction. Similarly, we cannot stand still. The old groupings have escaped our system, which is exposed, atomic and disintegrate. Shock has produced shock. The world in ruins is in its vital reality a world in transition. Instinct and necessity propel us forward. And so, by the law of the indestructibility of energy, man finds the supreme opportunity as it emerges in wonderful and protean shape about and around us, socially, politically, and economically. Inevitably the reaction is action.

This need has found expression in the discovery of the futility of modern or scientific war. To-day, standing as we do on the brink of economic cataclysm, society welcomes the conception of a new order which in its main purpose aims at the removal of the causes of war and of the conditions which hitherto have made war a utility. Alone, old Europe, still in its possessive and hereditary privileges feudal, would probably not have attempted to cross the border line of its own discovery, but with the balance of power passing to America the scales have been turned in the direction of its control, the message of which is opportunity. It was, perhaps, the only message left to humanity. And so, though many doubted and some strove passionately to play with the rapier of the "three Musketeers," in Paris the delegates of the Powers have managed to register the schedule of the new gift. After a desperate struggle

against the Musketeers, in the deepest dungeons of democratic secrecy, the Draft Covenant of the League of Nations has been produced for the men who fought the war to look at.

There is no need at this juncture to examine this scheme too critically, for clearly its design is an embryo, and clearly it was the best that we could do. In sum, it is a beginning. If, as Major-General Sir F. Maurice cynically has observed, the "future of the League lies on the seas," we Britons at least can salute it. The real question is to understand the foundations of the covenant, because the real difficulties will begin when the time comes for their application. First to be noted is its spirit. Here there will be pretty general appreciation. As the non-military Power before the war, we can readily assume the *rôle* of covenanter of peace after the war. The League tolls the knell of organised militarism. It definitely proclaims war against war, either as a biological necessity or an imperialist privilege. Its central design and mechanism are thus essentially British ideas, to which at any year before 1914 the majority of people in this country would have gladly assented. In this sense we can certainly celebrate a Byronic victory. Our "call" has been justified, the essential principle for which we took up arms is enthroned in a League to enforce peace as a charter of civilisation. Our cause has become a world cause. In the freedom of the seas we are elected to liberate mankind.

The British principle of life is thus registered at Paris as the new charter of Europe, supported because conditioned by the New World, and applicable to all. We have attained—on principle—to a whole, to a synthesis; the pillar or vampire State is to be no more. We are to think nationally and internationally as a mechanism. War as such is to be proscribed. The breach in the old system has been made. So much is assured; the test is the application. Before us the new order awaits recognition; that is, it awaits the dispensations of the new attitude which alone can give it life and durability. Shall we attain to it? Europe has known mechanisms before. Mere machinery will not suffice. The test will be the spirit or spirituality actuating the application of the new principles; in other words, success must depend upon the groupings of the elements which are to constitute the species of the new

whole or civilisation. Bluntly, the matter is not the power, but the justice which alone will guarantee that power.

As it stands, the draft would seem to be a scaffolding—a compromise Eiffel Tower—built for the fourteen contracting Powers rather than on the Fourteen Points: a Victory "sky-scraper," with possibilities. The mandatory system flavours of an euphemism for the good old imperialist or capitalist way. The Labour Charter would seem meaningless, since it was not constituted by Labour. The whole thing looks suspiciously like a hydra, except in its constitution as an engine of peace, which at least shapes formidably. But Rome was not built in a day; neither will the League be. The immediate problem to-day is the precipice down which we are all rolling, and the forces which are accelerating the pace, both political and economic. It is worth while exploring these conditions because we are moving in Europe to-day on conflicting planes, whereas the only conceivable solution of our problem is to obtain a basis of political and economic security.

It will be conceded that the indispensable condition of reconstruction or production, which is clearly the primary need of Europe, is political security, seeing that in the absence of such security trade and commerce languish, the foundation of credit being confidence. Confidence is thus the immediate objective of all Europe. Now, confidence is precisely what is lacking. We have still not made peace with our enemies. Russia still remains outside the pale of the social organism. Meanwhile the debts of the nations grow, and, with the threat of continued armies of occupation, show few signs of curtailment. At home we have a Parliament which is out of touch with the spirit of the country—which remains silent when the Prime Minister refers to the League of Nations, but cheers vociferously when Mr. Bottomley calls for a £10,000,000,000 indemnity; knowing (I feel sure) full well that an indemnity is a question of transfer of value, and that such a transfer is not possible, the only practical service that Mr. Bottomley could obtain being the right of riding on the German tramways for nothing, or of having his hair cut in Cologne—without a tip.

But Parliament cheers. Outside, the miners cheer, too—the demand for nationalisation—and with them the railway-

men cheer in chorus. Clearly, something is wrong with the centre of gravity. We are not thinking alike. The much advertised super-production policy will certainly not materialise in conditions of depolarisation of energy. Like Europe, Britain also is decomposite. Even the jolliest among us must realise that somehow our groupings are faulty. We are moving crossways. Now, "recovery" in these circumstances must be very slow and difficult—must pitch us further down the precipice—may, if we are not very adventurous and intelligent, precipitate us into the chasm where capitalism ceases from troubling and the workers are at rest.

As this precipice is international, the remedy is international. It is to secure political security. Both here and in Europe we stand on quicksand. We have no unit of energy because our integrations are fugitive. We still are playing for positions rather than face the facts and attempt seriously to find solutions. We are still in a wood, seeking, like politicians, tactical positions, instead of realising that we are to-day in the flux and rudiment of elemental conditions, which cannot be controlled by any man or any group of men cheering in Parliament or outside it. The truth that has to be faced is this: the European system has broken down. The immediate problem before Europe is whether, as the net result of Armageddon, the *capitalistic system has not broken down likewise.*

Internationally—and this will be the real test of the League of Nations—the question pivots on the new groupings of the order which is to preserve the peace of the world; and here, as has been pointed out again and again in this REVIEW, the loose ends are Japan and Ireland, to which complexity has now to be added the anarchy of Russia, not to speak of our enemies. In Paris we have erected a scaffolding, and so far the architectonics are no doubt well designed. Security will depend upon the sincerity of our application, and in this work Japan and Ireland are the two probationary determinants; for if *we* fall short the whole will fall short. If only the bankers would apply themselves to the politics of Ireland and politicians would apply themselves to the economics of Japan, we might obtain an equation which to-day is lacking. The former is our task; the latter is the responsibility of America.

And the League of Nations will depend upon this solution; nor can there be a serviceable League without a solution. Both are test points of sincerity, of sacrifice of attitude, of correction. Solved by the new League, the new order would be born—would undoubtedly grow into a world instrument of peace. But leave Japan with her imperialist problems unsolved, her ambitions unsatisfied, her difficulties of surplus population unmet; and leave Ireland with her age-long claim of self-determination ungranted, and the League will perforce be prejudged a Frankenstein, a thing without life. Regrouped, these two isolations constitute the governing force of a League founded on democratic justice and opportunity; nor can there be any true opportunity without a settlement sanctioned and apportioned by the League.

These are the molecules of our cells. If the League in its finite composition cannot settle these two perfectly adjustable problems, the League will be still-born. And, again, if we cannot display the sacrifice of attitude implied in referring these matters to the League the League will merely be a formula, without sanction or durability; and in that case there will be no political security, and we shall slide further down the incline. Inevitably. Enthusiasm for Catholic Poland may amuse politicians, but at home it will not bring about settlements if we refuse the application of our principle; nor shall we find we have accomplished much if Japan is not deflected from military imperialism. The new order must be founded as a real ark of justice, or it will only be a variant of the old order, liable to all the old disintegrations. However tall the steel frame at Paris, it will decompose unless it has the life-force of common sanction, and if we start with incomplete groupings there will be dry-rot in the base and the hidden spring will lie outside.

To obtain the right groupings internationally we principals must get our groupings right nationally. That is to say, we must be sure of our sanction here before we attempt to apply it there. And the first step is recognition—recognition of the principles, readiness to apply them. Yet this is precisely what in the anomalous condition of authority, as constituted by a flag election, we cannot undertake. We, the chief force in the new international groupings, are

depolarised in our groupings at home. We have an authority vested in a Parliament which is frankly distrusted and resented by the central power of democracy in the country, and, to add to the paradox, we have a Prime Minister who sits at the right hand of President Wilson, but at home derives his political power from the vested Tory interest of capitalism, out of touch with the whole spirit of the new order as it outwardly already exists in the structure of Paris, and inwardly progressively asserts itself in the organised conscience of Labour.

The results are patent. We are in a condition of latent social warfare, due not really to the difficulties of the issue, but to the tactical discrepancies of our approach to it, as if the conflicting cause was politics and not what it really is—economics. Our groupings are wrong, that is all; so wrong, in fact, that, instead of being able to consider the problems, we are compelled to study the ways and means of evading them. The greatest economic crisis in our history has thus become a political wrangle. Where unity was essential, disharmony has set in. When singleness of purpose was the indispensable instrument of recovery, we have the dissensions of extremism. At the hour that the nations meet together to obtain the new groupings of world security, we find in Britain an intensive consolidation of all the old groupings. We are not a whole; we are politically a country with only a Prime Minister, and he dragged into the vortex of the two clashing forces of our time—Capital and Labour.

That is the position: a politicians' struggle when the need of the country is of careful, dispassionate study of the economic problems before us, of calm judgment, of co-operative discrimination. How this unfortunate situation has arisen it is easy to see. The politicians, themselves sceptical of the League of Nations and of the new order, and with sublime disregard for the economic position, sought a political grouping instead of an economic one, doubtless reckoning on military discipline as the key to the industrial difficulty. They obtained their political grouping to find, to their surprise, that military discipline was not to be the panacea of all social ills, and that the army had not the slightest intention to retain conscription or retain anything appertaining to the old order upon the strength of which

the politicians had based their dispositions for the governance of the country. The political grouping is thus diametrically opposed to the necessities of the new economic groupings. And, though the economic position is infinitely more serious than the political one, the Government finds itself pledged to a spurious power in a Parliament which, automatically without an Opposition, has forfeited all semblance of reality; to a power, that is, not representative of opinion, but merely reflective of an ebullition caught in the joy of victory. Representative government thus ends, for this means that Westminster is only a current; the stream of intellect, of character, of spirit, of the new England, is outside; the politicians merely tapped the foam. Steadily, cumulatively, the deep waters flow in another direction—towards the economics and spirituality of the new order.

When, therefore, we are faced with revolutionary questions, such as the nationalisation of the railways, of minerals, and of land, instead of being able to consider these problems economically, as a round table of bankers would do, the Prime Minister is forced to treat them politically, in accordance with the sanction of his authority. He cannot integrate, because his groupings are disintegrate. The problem thus becomes a political issue, though in its fundamentals it is economic. And similarly with the other demands of Labour: instead of thought and co-operative treatment, action is resorted to, the politicians talk spies and Bolsheviks, pretend the war is not over, fall back on censorship, threaten and have recourse to the old groupings of economic strife. Meanwhile, the true economic issue remains. Parliament was elected merely to register. Outside, the new groupings gather force and momentum. We cannot even make a diagnosis.

The cardinal mistake was the rush election behind the backs of the soldiers, because, instead of giving Britain a Parliament of men of the new order, it presented the country with a caucus of capitalist upholders of the old order which, as all sensible men realise, is doomed—doomed, as we know, internationally, and so nationally; doomed, whatever the League of Nations performs or fails to perform. We stand before the death-rattle of the feudal system. That is the position. It has perished through its own

consequential logic, dissolved by force. Force, then, will not again take its place. Pillars of power will not again control the destinies of peoples. Europe will seek new systems, new ideas, and the units of Europe will perforce have to follow suit. Foremost in the coming change will be the demands of Labour. The old integument has burst. What lies before us is quite literally a new world, and the problem will consist in adjusting its groupings: whether, that is, adjustment is reached quickly and co-operatively or painfully through political struggle.

Here the problem of groupings is economic; it has arisen partly as the result of cataclysm, partly as the legacy of politics, which, for war reasons, ignored economics and so finds itself to-day caught in the coils of both. Thus, wages have risen to unprecedented heights, which can hardly be forced down. Prices, too, have risen to unprecedented heights, in turn controlling wages, and the Government, in collusion with the profiteers, has become the market. The equation of healthy production no longer exists. Even the subtle laws of capital have been violated, as we see in the astonishing phenomenon of a Government monopoly of food prices far higher than the prices which would rule in the ordinary conditions of supply and demand. The Government wants money, so it controls the market with an embargo on imports and a monopoly of selling price. It is thus a profiteer at the expense of the community. Now, this means that the Government has pricked the capitalist system.

Restrictions upon the right of Parliament to control the national purse will not avail to conceal the fact, which must shortly be apparent, that the capitalist system, even on pure economic grounds, is thus gravely imperilled, seeing that intensive production or wealth can alone enable us to meet our staggering liabilities with any endurable degree of comfort, but that the necessary production is clearly not attainable under a system radically at variance with the laws of economics, upon which that system is supposed to be based. When we consider that the Government is paying a subsidy of £50,000,000 a year in order to maintain the price of the loaf at ninepence, and at the same time we realise that we could get wheat from other parts at a considerably cheaper figure, we can see at a glance that this procedure is

not economics but politics; that consequently the capitalist system no longer governs the laws of the market. This is the root of the industrial trouble. The orgy of war prices has left us with a war between political prices and political wages, which, so long as we financed on war credit, did not matter, but the moment we seek to return—as we must—to economics involves not only the means of production, but the economic system itself. If the Government can turn economics into politics, so can others—and that is the issue. But at bottom it is not the issue at all, for the true issue remains economic. It is whether the capitalistic system, as we have known it, is not involved in the European crash, seeing that, politically, the issue is gravitating towards an economic *impasse*, and, economically, we cannot come to a point because of the incoherency of our political groupings.

It is the fashion to-day to jeer at Norman Angell's theory, but in reality Angell was right. Where he erred was in his premise that the business world would realise the result of a world war and so prevent it. He was wrong in his psychology. The position he foresaw is pretty accurately the position to-day plus the aggravation of political polarity, which position is unlikely to be modified except on the basis of economics, which, of course, alone can modify it. Thus because our political groupings are wrong, our economics are false. But politics are movement or life; they are never finite. Economics, on the other hand, are laws either governing or not governing; they cannot be tampered with. And that is the problem. Can the capitalistic system be saved? If so, then unquestionably we must get our political groupings right first, or there will be no security, without which there can be no confidence; or we come to the conclusion that some modification in the capitalistic system is necessary, in which case we may obtain an equation which not only will be economically sound, but will at the same time solve the antagonisms in the body politic.

The political war between Capital and Labour is largely one of sentiment provoked by discrepancy, and, if so, then sentiment should be able to adjust it. When a man is told that his company cannot afford him a twenty minutes' rest for lunch, and he subsequently learns that a dividend of

20 per cent. has been paid to the shareholders, the man within rebels; he turns to Marx. The discrepancy makes him a Socialist. The question is: Need this discrepancy be? Will the League of Puritans and Musketeers at Paris solve the problem, or will it continue through evolution to revolution until there is nothing left to strike for? That is the present-day problem. Even the mandatory oils of Mesopotamia will not solve it, nor will force contain it; meanwhile, the miners move towards their first-line positions, and correspondingly Capital entrenches in gigantic forms of amalgamation, while the Government sells the nation's holdings to the capitalists. This is not the way to super-production. What is it the way to? The answer is: Simply to the crash—to the breakdown of the capitalist system.

The gay time of a Government profiteering on profits cannot last indefinitely. Our vast debt must be met, and it is growing. Pensions must be paid. Reconstruction must be faced, and we are not a country rich in natural resources and not with the weather blessedly endowed. Now, though the hesitation-waltz may be highly popular, hesitation is not calculated to help us in the solution of the economic problem, as bankers to-day must assuredly be thinking in their cosy retreats behind the counters. If our wealth is to be estimated by production, then the sooner we produce the better, but if, through wrong groupings, we cannot obtain the political security whereby alone we can produce intensively, the alternative would seem either chaos or some change in our system which will enable us to produce intensively and so salve the system, which presumably is the goal to be aimed at. That this could be done is certain. *It could be effected simply and surely by legislation regarding the limitation of individual wealth.* Do this, and the discrepancy or cause of war between workers and employers would be removed, and politically we could obtain our equation. At what amount the limitation would be fixed is for the moment irrelevant; the thing would be the limitation. Sentiment would be dissolved; the economic war would no longer have a meaning. In a word, Britain would set to work as a whole, and for the whole, and at once the entire political situation would be changed.

Changed, because out of politics the values of capital

would be eliminated, and the values of men would take their place. A financier would no longer buy a newspaper to purchase a title—it would not be within his means. The capitalist would quit the hustings (nothing doing). The vested interests would no longer control whether beer, soda, gas, or electricity. The Press would be free, and the magnate might become a leader-writer. Wealth no longer counting, snobbery would disappear. Instead of the values of cash, the values of the mind, of character, of spirit, of energy, would direct the affairs of State, and the class war would disappear. Out of that slight modification a true democracy would arise, a land of opportunity, and in the place of trade unions we should have a union of trades. And the strange thing is that relatively few in the country would suffer—just a small minority—for the limit of wealth would be reasonable, affecting a mere fraction of the community. Yet the benefits would be instant and epochal. The arts, science, and all creative work would flourish as never before. The workers would have no grievance; politics would acquire a new and constructive meaning; we should be Socialists without a millennium. Values of truth, of creation, of intellect, of love or art, of beauty, of utility, would prevail, and withal, nay because of the change, we should retain our capitalist system.

The economic war is not waged against the system as a medium of exchange, as a medium of sale or purchase; it is waged against the disparities of a system uncontrolled and uncontrollable. Control it—limit, that is, the incidence of individual wealth—and you strengthen that system in that you make of your system a co-operative responsibility, a democracy instead of a plutocracy. In no sense would trade or company holdings be interfered with or the wealth of the whole impaired. On the contrary, the whole would be infinitely, because corporately, stronger. Patronage, charity, would vanish. Only the "bosses" would be affected, and those who to-day use their money to buy political power; and that such a simplification and purification of the public life would redound enormously to the welfare of the community can hardly be disputed.

That, at least, is a possible solution which would not only save the capitalistic system as such, but vastly add to

the richness and stability of our life, and, though it may at first appear revolutionary or ridiculous, may yet prove to be the only constructive solution of the economic problem, as it faces a people part of whom are trying to maintain the old system with all its attendant disabilities and discrepancies, while the other part are determined to overthrow it. And though all this seems to stand outside the focus of the League at Paris and to smack more of Berne than of the nations at peace, in reality the sum and substance of the League of Nations may yet be found to reduce itself to the equation of Labour and Capital determinable by the simple process of a limitation of individual wealth. At once, Berne, Bolshevism, Bakunin would vanish from memory, the foundations of a true League of Nations would be laid, for wars could hardly have any material utility. In envisaging economics we shall be wise to look at Berne and Paris, and think which movement—the secret League at Paris or the public proletarian one at Berne—in the end is going to win. I do not pretend to offer an answer. But the discrepancy in the two results is hardly reassuring from the point of view of the war between Capital and Labour. Fusion of a kind there may be, modifications, crystallisations on both sides. Still, will there be a solution? For that is the essential. As the credit system comes to an end, are we to cry, "Long live credit!" and go on borrowing; or are we to come down to facts and face the problem and the solution? Hardly the former, because that road leads to Trotsky. What, then, is to be our answer, political and economic, to the travails of the capitalistic system, and to its necessary correction of values?

A joint conference of Labour and Capital would, of course, be useful, and were our politicians possessed of any sense we should have had this conference long ago. Nothing but good can come of it, even if the outcome be purely negative, for at least we might know what is the limit of the demand and what the limit of concession, and in that case opinion might even be able to compel a decision one way or the other.

A decision is very necessary—is, indeed, indispensable for recovery, and the public should insist upon an open Parliament of discussion. To sum up, the problem before Europe is economic. It is to discover (1) whether

we can find an equation between Labour and Capital calculated to preserve the system as we know it—calculated, that is, to harmonise the political groupings so as to make the economic system profitable; (2) whether, if we cannot find such an equation, we can move to such a modification of the capitalist system as would ensure its life and continuity (such as suggested above) by removing the causes of unrest, and so the war between Capital and Labour. It may be that this latter course will prove the ultimate result of the great War and of the distrophy it has bequeathed to us, and that out of this revolution the New Order will be born, the co-operative order of political and economic harmony. Politics and the control of politics will not suffice to bring order out of chaos; certainly chaos is no remedial agency. But if we are to arrive at an equation, we must begin with the right groupings. The first condition is sincerity. If then our sincerity convinces us that the New Order postulates a new system and that the Old Order cannot be upheld productively, our policy is clear: it is to discover the economic equation of the co-operative order. Its final solution may be found to lie, not in Socialist theory but, as explained, in the limitation of individual wealth. If so, let us get on with the business, for to-day it is the bold attitude that will succeed. If that is not the solution the sooner we find out what is the proper equation the closer will our conditions approximate to the New Order, hence the larger will be our benefit.

The Play is the Thing

By S. O.

Now that the war is over, life slowly begins to reassert itself; once more the play is the thing. The stage of illusion reclaims us. With a surging joy in our hearts we try to pick up the threads of our hopes and commutations, the goblins of the theatre, the laughter of the mask, the glitter of the footlights. Again the band is the Hosannah of our being. The curtain is once more a reality; the smell of the theatre is sweeter than all the scents of Araby. To dance, to laugh, to thrill again, to revel in life's artificialities—this is our reawakening; the organised massacre of the world's young men is already a memory. Once more the clown, the villain, the man and the girl, the orange-peel and pirouette, focus our purpose, ratify our course. We return to the paint and pantaloonery of our significance.

War is a bad school for the theatre, for in war only the wonders of Maskelyne seem to approximate to its realities. On the stage, war is a farce, and necessarily so because the essence of the stage is illusion. The soldier is bored at vaseline heroics, at costume bravadura, at wig and trap-door dramatics. In war, only "tights" reconcile; but song and buffoonery. Only what is not—but this the stage can never supply, for itself it is the wardrobe of fantasy. But to-day this wardrobe is fearfully and fantastically real. We in the auditorium have rebecome the players, the illusionists. Across the footlights we vision ourselves. The stage-carpenter is the sergeant of the piece. The victors have become the prisoners—of that life's magnet which is the eternal source of things.

Looking at the fare, we cannot but smile. Clearly, stage-land is still war-struck, too dreadfully real for our lightheartedness. We seek pomegranates, but as yet there are only lemons—very old lemons some of them—presentations of "naughty wives," of war theatricalities, of Chinese

mandarins with any number of varieties, what at best can be called entertainments. Only in Mr. Arnold Bennett's satire do we sense a play, and at the Court, where Shakespeare, almost like a naughty boy, intrudes his "Twelfth Night." Yet this is not true either. In the Waterloo Road, in the hemisphere of "Old Bill," a brave venture is conducted in what is to-day the most intellectual theatre in London—*The Old Vic.* There, for a pittance which must make the Food Controller's eyes water, you can have operas, you can see Shakespeare performed with a fine art; you can become an Elizabethan for a shilling; you can reach the heights of all that is immortal in English poetry; you can attest with gratitude that you are an Englishman. On that proletarian stage every player is an aristocrat, and as you sit in the audience and look around, you know that you are in the land of democracy, the Mother of Parliaments, the Father of the stage, the island of the sailor, and, droll though it may appear, of the poet.

But we must not despair of our commercial stage because its art and intellect seem to have become so plutocratic. Silliness, too, is important. If Drury Lane is too solemn, that is because "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is still too intoxicating for our bruised humanity, too intimate for our reaction. To-day our youth seek sleep—just sleep. The ghosts of war still haunt the silences of the night. In men's ears there reverberates the thunder of France. We are not yet attuned to the music of our abandonments. It is sleep we want—forgetfulness. And so we must not complain if our stage, too, appears to be asleep.

Poor art, it has had a sorry time. When men destroy one another, they slay what is spiritual; they arrest immortality. Our poets have no flights. Our painters turn into commissioners. Our sculptors strangle. Music becomes a hireling rhythm. Literature fasts in the armies. There is no burgeon. The creative function perishes from inanition. Only the cock crows—to the drum and the pipe of battle.

Where are the snows of yesterday? Too many of our great-hearted artists lie in foreign lands, serene in their sacrifice. Shouldering the knapsack, art, too, has gone out, has relinquished its divinity, brooding like the setting sun. And we are tired.

But now the curtain has gone up again. Our beautiful young men are returning, and to us they are like robins on a cold winter's day, and we would fain feed them. Nurse them back to creation! Croon them to rest! Let them sun in the morning's deliverance!

But gradually art will return. First one, then another of our songsters will soar. Masks will fall, and out of the dank corridors of office the writers, thinkers, creators, and torch-bearers will emerge into the open air of their manifestations. And there will be spring, and, peeping behind the curtains of the theatre, like Puck, the playwright will nod to us his return from the mud and purple of war. Soon, let us hope. The house is ready, expectant. Even the critics are astir. The lamps are relit. Britain awaits her plenitude.

Truly, we need our melody again, our poetry, our artists, all the young lovers of our creation. It is we who cry to them to-day—to sing, to dance, to rend the air with their incantations and sweeten the marriage of our days. We, the old, who no longer have tears; we who have only remembrances. This is the hour and this is the age of youth. O, artists, strike loud the cymbals of your purpose! Pour out the vintage of your souls! Weave webs of honey or gall! String up your garlands! Shout to us your inconsistencies! Yes, if it please you, make us weep! Why not? For nearly five years we have not dared to weep for you, we who gave you birth. But to-day there are no schoolmasters. Our nursery is yours. Play in it! Draw skeletons upon the shutters—smash the windows! Tear down those accursed maps! Wash down the walls with your laughter! Cut up our livery! Gather up our war-books, our collections of paste and hatreds, and cast them into the fire! Fumigate the pantries of our fears! For to-day there is life—for you, for your love and your arts. Come to our rescue! Send us "over the top" of your fancy! Bludgeon out the spectres of our Calvary! Cleanse! Dissect! Blast! Madden these Islands with your intensities!

For know it is again your "call," but this time to life. We have lived so long without you, sickening even as you heartened. We have dreamed by day and by night, but on the blinds no fairies have danced; we have only seen

pageants of passing men; only caught the dirge of trumpets; only stared at a pitiful, ghastly void. Perhaps you do not understand how passionately to-day we need your visitation: your raptures, your follies, your little hands. We have been to the play and seen not; to galleries of art and felt not; we have listened and heard not. We have kissed you good-bye—and smiled.

You see, we had to; but you will never realise till you too are old how bitter was that smile, how it tore at our hearts—how, when you had gone forth so resplendent in your youth, we sobbed like little children. All that had to be. Some day you will know. You will look back. You may marvel at the world's insanity, and perhaps you will make it a better world. This is our confession. Now we need yours. For most of us are inarticulate, purblind, but gropers and wanderers, and to-day that our purpose is fulfilled we have little more to offer. The field is to you—to the artists of England. There are mountains to blow up, bastions to destroy, high crags to climb. On them, like spiders, we sit and watch. We crouch in spectacles, a little afraid, perhaps, for we have grown narrow, unkind, unlovely. We are like fathers who have had no sons. Have pity, then! If you only knew how joyous your dissonance would be to us, you would get out your reeds and sing, like mothers, little cradle-songs, the ditties of old time. Not that it will be quite the same again. Not that we even want it to be quite the same. Yet that is the secret of life, your secret. But in any case it will be movement, which for so long we have not known. Four years of life without movement! You cannot understand what this has meant for us. It is your vindication—your opportunity.

So now draw up the curtain! Turn on the lights! Pull out your grease pots and your fine feathers. Chant, O artists and young men! Put out your tongues! The overture has begun. The theatre is again yours, summoning to the wizardry of life. Begin! Once more the play is the thing.

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

SET DOWN IN MALICE. By GERALD CUMBERLAND. (Grant Richards, Ltd.) 8*s.* 6*d.* net.

Returned from the war, Mr. Gerald Cumberland has not lost time, and in this vivacious volume he goes through Fleet Street. The result is amusing and entertaining. The sparks fly. Portraits succeed one another in rapid anecdote, quite frank and outspoken, and at times perhaps with real malice. Yet on the whole the author is generous and kindly. Evidently keenly interested in human nature, he is an analyser without a knife, though at times he favours the stiletto. But not much blood is drawn. In his pose as the intelligent observer, he has known all sorts and conditions, and maintains his dignity. At times he is obviously himself an admirer; thus of Frank Harris, of G. B. S., of Hall Caine, of Orage, of Landon Ronald; and his range is diatonic and applies to music as well as literature. Thus the book has charm. And some of the thumb-nail sketches are admirable; thus Arnold Bennett, "Max," Yvette Guilbert, Epstein, Chesterton, Joseph Holbrooke, Sir Thomas Beecham, Lord Derby, who ought to have his vignette framed in lizard-skin. Good stuff this, awfully readable, and a very encyclopædia for those who only know Fleet Street through the newspapers.

SOCIAL.

ROADS TO FREEDOM. By BERTRAND RUSSELL. (Allen and Unwin, Ltd.) 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

In this highly-considered compendium of Socialism and its more modern movements, Mr. Bertrand Russell shows that detached judgment which is the true mark of the philosopher. It is only part critical, the first part being devoted to an examination of the tenets of anarchism, syndicalism, national guildism, etc., and it is clear that the author has passed beyond Marx. As an artist, as a philosopher, Mr. Russell abominates all finite laws, and thus Socialism is repellent. The individual rebels. Not the State, but man, cries Mr. Russell, is the world's deliverer, and in this sense the lone thinker seems to have become very mellow, even sceptical. He can see no millennium on the horizon. He does not believe in the League of Nations. He sees in orthodox Socialism but another tyranny. Yet this man was sent to prison! Can we wonder that Mr. Russell doubts? This book, so rich with thought, admirably poised and just, almost painfully attentive to fact, this is the work of a man we put in gaol! Well, it is a mad world. If Mr. Russell is a philosophic anarchist, the more such anarchists we have the better.

BOOKS

GENERAL LITERATURE.

ANOTHER SHEAF. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. (Heinemann.) 6s. net.

Mr. Galsworthy is probably the most distinguished writer of our day, and whatever he writes is interesting. So it is in this miscellaneous book composed partly of studies, partly of a passionate cry "back to the land," finally of a satirical glimpse into the future. The studies are little cameos of thought and art. On the French Mr. Galsworthy is admirable; he seems to understand their specific qualities naturally; he recreates. Admirable, too, is the essay on the soldier-workman. His analysis already would seem proven. He rightly foresaw that the soldier would be the revolutionary, that his allegiance would after the war be to his class. And his words of warning anent Capital and Labour are to-day only too correct. On the land question Mr. Galsworthy follows Professor Biffen, and here doubt would seem admissible. Surely the law of our climate is against his premiss of a self-feeding country! Yet in substance he is right, particularly as regards the co-operative method as the only way to render successful any scheme of land for the people. The war has made Mr. Galsworthy's style a little rougher, but evidently these land essays were propagandist. For the rest, the book is full of those deft and discerning *aperçus*, and that intellectual honesty which are Mr. Galsworthy's charm and high distinction.

THEOLOGY.

DIVINE HUMANITY. By ALEXR. PYM. (R. Scott.) 3*s*. 6*d*. net.

THOSE who require the sauce of unorthodoxy with their theological diet may be disappointed with this book. It is almost surprisingly traditional in the conclusions it suggests. This is not to say that it is narrow in outlook, nor unoriginal in style. It is rather suggestive than dogmatic, and the disagreeable features of controversy are entirely absent. It should attract the candid reader, and if it should not convince all along the line, it will at least nowhere repel. The writer's description of his general purpose in the preface is justified by what follows. He says: "My aim has been not so much to treat the various questions in detail, though in every case I have endeavoured to state the arguments with fairness, but to present them as integral parts of a connected whole, culminating in the *reasonableness of the Christian faith,* with special reference to the supreme naturalness of those events which it is now becoming only too fashionable to regard as a contradiction of the natural."

From the titles of the first two chapters, "The Reality of the Spiritual," and "The Supremacy of the Spiritual," may be gathered the general course followed. He observes: "Perhaps the most insidious evil which dogs the progress of science is an unreasoned materialism," and this he sets himself to combat; and he claims that "a trained faculty is as essential for intelligent appreciation in this (the spiritual) as in any other branch of inquiry."

Some might object that the writer builds too frequently upon the

position that "absence of proof is no mark of insecurity," and takes more advantage than he should of Huxley's admissions in that direction; but there is throughout the book an obvious intention to act up to the principle which he himself lays down in the sentence: "No object is served by overlooking facts."

The title of the book, though fairly representing a leading thought throughout, applies most directly to the treatment of the Person of Christ, "in Whose life (he writes) the two worlds are bound together so closely that characteristics of the one permeate into the realm of the other. Christ is never more human than when in touch with invisible powers"; and again: "In Him most harmonise the human and divine, each in its widest expression, yet forming no inconsistent medley of characteristics, but a perfectly balanced whole." This view of the character is illustrated by a review of the life as reflected in the Gospels. Here, as already hinted, he suggests as of reasonable credibility every point of traditional belief—*e.g.*, the Virgin Birth, demoniacal possession, the miracles, the Bodily Resurrection, etc.; but the suggestion is by no means commended on traditional grounds, but with continual reference to a great spiritual vision which the reader is invited to share.

The book closes with the seemingly inevitable question, Why does the Church fail? with such a spiritual treasure to cherish and display. It cannot be said that any very practically useful answer is given. Perhaps the fact that comparatively few otherwise well-informed persons are aware how many presentations of orthodox belief like this, appealing to broadly rational principles, now exist, may at least supply a partial answer.

POETRY.

A Merry-go-round of Song. By Norman Gale. Published by the Author at Old Bilton, Rugby. 6*s.* net.

Mr. Norman Gale is one of our singers who too rarely breaks silence. There are those to whom his highly individual song appeals more directly than to others, but there has never been question of the sincerity that is perhaps its most characteristic feature. Aiming at precision in beauty, Mr. Gale has never lowered his ideals to catch an easy popularity. Thus those who admire and follow his work are still perhaps a small, if select, band. Possibly their ranks will be increased by the appearance of the present volume, in which he has collected eighty-one poems for children, and others. It is not, of course, Mr. Gale's first book in this kind; as always in dealing with childhood, the contents show him in a singularly happy and sympathetic mood. (And this I say who personally would give it all for a couple of lyrics from his "Country Muse.") Certainly, the collection holds at least one poem for which it deserves a place on the shelves of all who can appreciate the native wood-notes of this most English voice; I mean the picture of a child and a bird in the three verses called "St. Francis," a small perfection, beautiful in idea and words. For the rest, Mr. Gale's "Merry-go-round" spins pleasantly to a cheerful and appropriately simple music.

LAST POEMS. By EDWARD THOMAS. Selwyn and Blount. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.

I THINK I seldom felt the penury of war-time more sharply than at the sight of this most memorable book, printed (I dare say unavoidably) upon paper the apotheosis of which should have been to wrap suet. It is scarcely probable that the work of Edward Thomas needs introduction to any reader of this page. In the present volume are pieces taken from his manuscripts, or reprinted from periodicals, which were not included in the "Poems" published last year. Here is an art both rich and delicate, essentially thoughtful, and the thoughts that fill it are the poet's own. Take, for example, "The New House," which tells how the tenant, entering, hears for the first time the wind moaning of "griefs not yet begun," and feels that he and the house have suddenly grown old—

> "All was foretold me; naught
> Could I foresee;
> But I learned how the wind would sound
> After these things should be."

This strikes upon the heart with the thrill of finding an emotion, common to us all, expressed in the very words for which it seems to have been long waiting. The "feel" of houses, their intimacy with the lives of those who inhabit them, is a thing to which Edward Thomas seems to have been specially sensitive; more than one of these poems are concerned with it. A sad book, for the sense of loss that it brings home; for its own sake, among the best that many months have given to us. A. E.

WAR.

MARSHAL FOCH AND HIS THEORY OF MODERN WAR. By A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE. (Skeffington.)

CAPTAIN HILLIARD ATTERIDGE has, besides other works, including "Murat," "Marshal Ney," and "Towards Khartoum," edited a popular version of Baron Von Der Goltz's "Nation in Arms" in 1916, in which he quotes the organiser of the Turkish Army as saying: "What is absolutely certain is that *wars are the fate of mankind, the inevitable destiny of nations, and that eternal peace is not the lot of mortals in this world*"; and the last lines of which conclude with the arrogant assumption that "passionate love for the Fatherland, determination not to shrink from hard trials, may wax ever stronger in our hearts. Then will the German army, which must be, and shall ever remain, the German nation in arms, enter upon the coming conflict with full assurance of ultimate victory." In his book on Marshal Foch he has failed to show how the great soldier, in the evening of his years, hurled the conquering "nation in arms" across the Rhine, and finished the intolerable nightmare of Teutonic military supremacy which France had lived under for nearly half a century. He has given the general public an eminently readable account of the theory and practice of the great art as based on the

Marshal's brace of books, but where he has failed is in making it clear that in the carrying into practice of that theory Foch was animated by a knowledge of the psychology of the enemy which was wanting in his brother Marshals—French as well as British.

And with the possession of that knowledge grew up the will to conquer, the feeling that, should he reduce the enemy to his favourite position, that of an antagonist kept busy with the frontal attack, the great counter-stroke, "the flashing sword of vengeance," is surely coming to its assistance in the form of carefully saved up reserves. Decidedly the book has yet to be written—one that throws a light upon the sources that built up, not the Marshal's plan of campaign, but "the will to conquer." It is the Commander-in-Chief who inspires this will, makes it the soul of his own action, and makes each success the means of confirming it in those he commands. Hence his reiterated saying: "A battle gained is a battle in which one is determined not to admit that one is beaten."

Of the battle of the Marne, the author, summing up, says: "Losses had been heavy, and the strain on the endurance of all was becoming each hour more severe. Both were nearing the breaking point. In such a situation the victory is for the side that can make one more determined effort. Foch and insight produced this supreme effort at the critical moment, and in the most drastic direction, and victory was the result. At the moment when his 'battering ram' was driven into the German line, the enemy's leaders were already losing heart and preparing to abandon the hard-fought field."

Captain Atteridge gives us an intimate biographical sketch of the great Marshal's life, and his book is "aided" by a preface by Colonel John Buchan, who states that "his secret lay in the combination of three things: the weapon of the tank, the tactics of surprise, and the strategy of complete mobility." The Director of Public Information, coming to Captain Atteridge's "aid" as a military expert, is a fearful and wonderful thing. Mr. Gladstone was once credited with a desire to take command of the Channel Fleet. But there!

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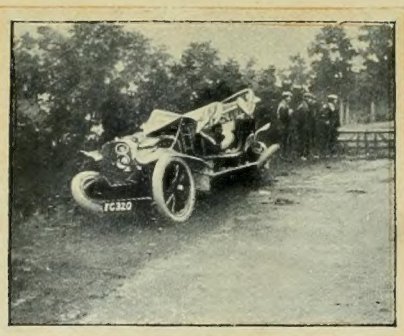

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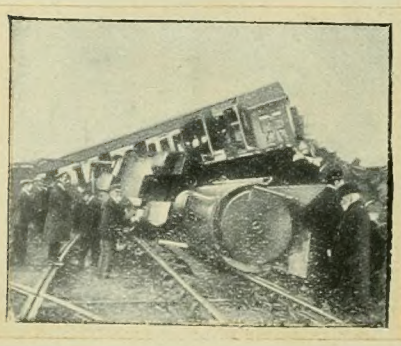

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